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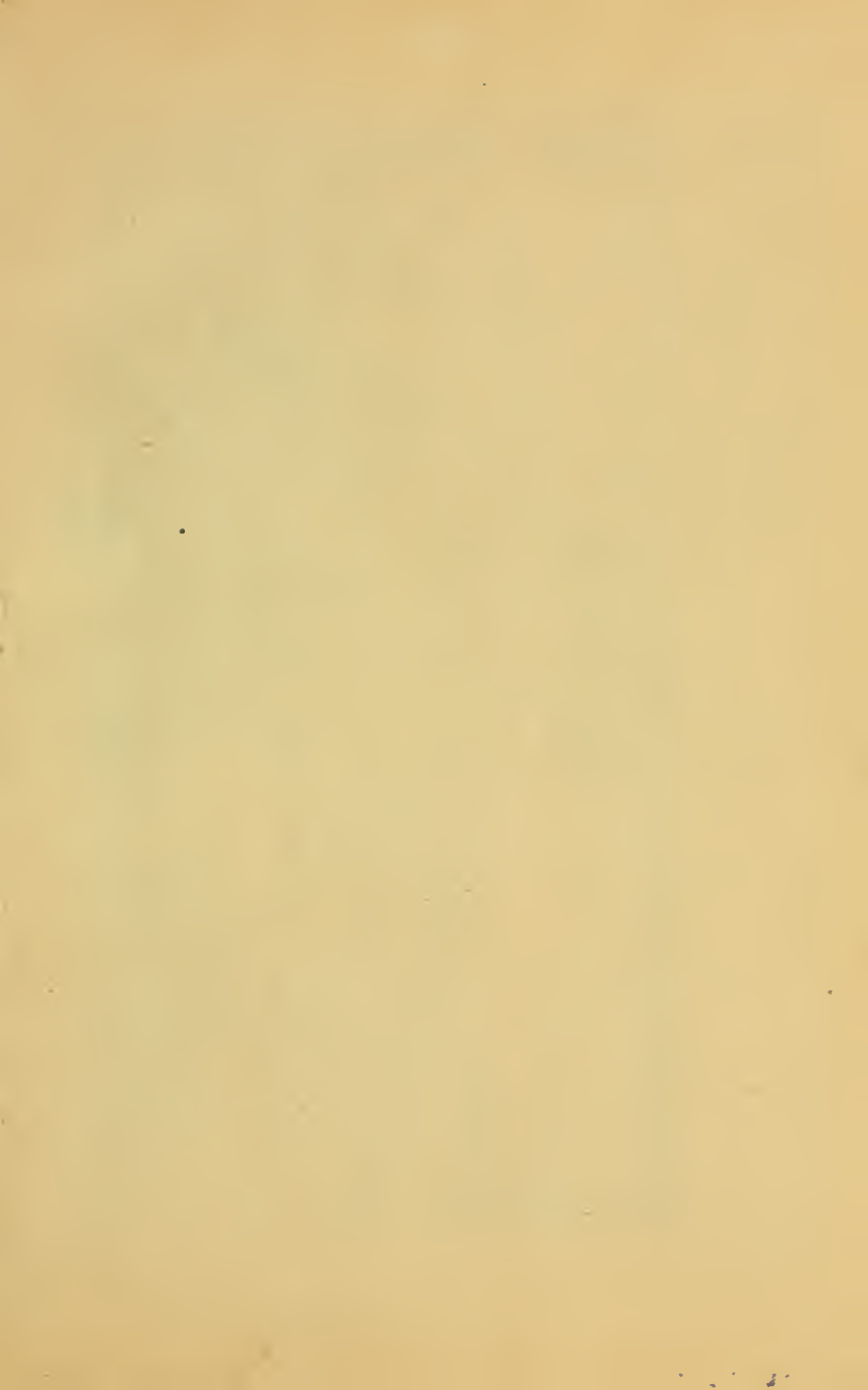
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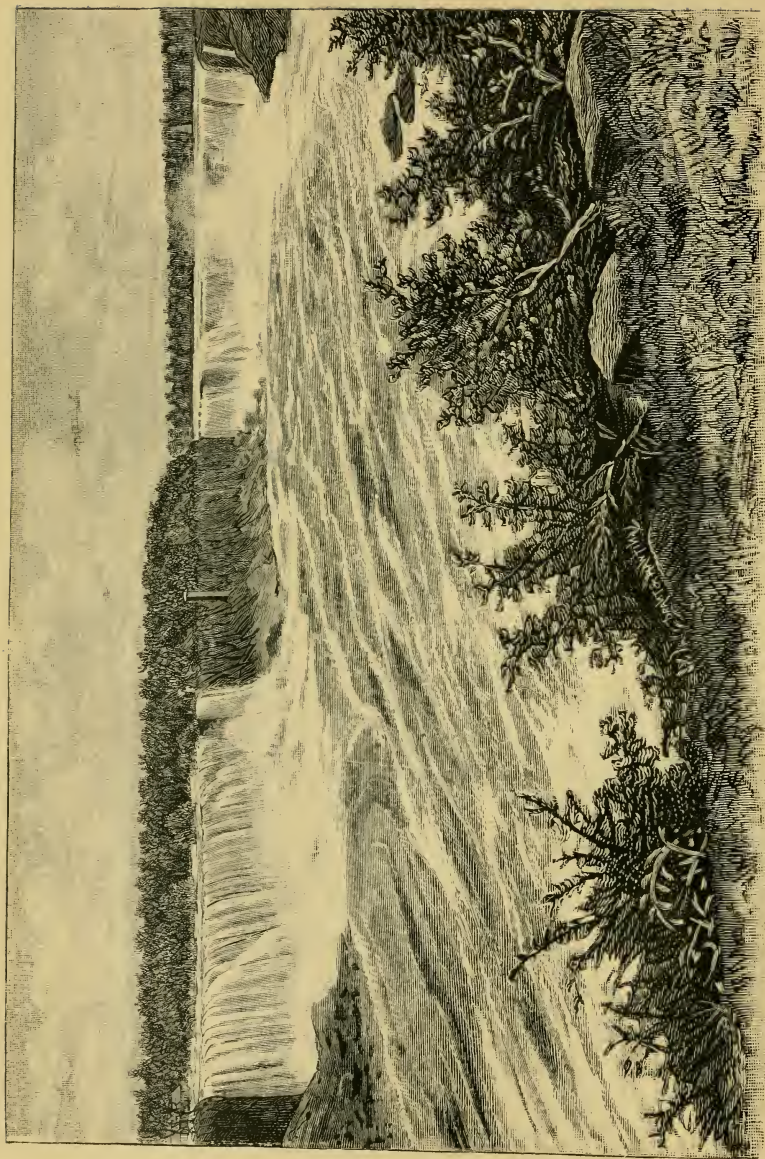
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THE GREAT
*
CATARACT
ILLUSTRATED
1884





FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE GREAT CATARACT

ILLUSTRATED.

AND COMPLETE GUIDE TO ALL POINTS OF INTEREST AT
AND IN THE VICINITY OF THE

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"The power of Kings and Emperors, in every clime and zone,
Grows dim beneath the splendors of this glorious watery throne."

CHICAGO:

R. LESPINASSE, PUBLISHER,
1884.



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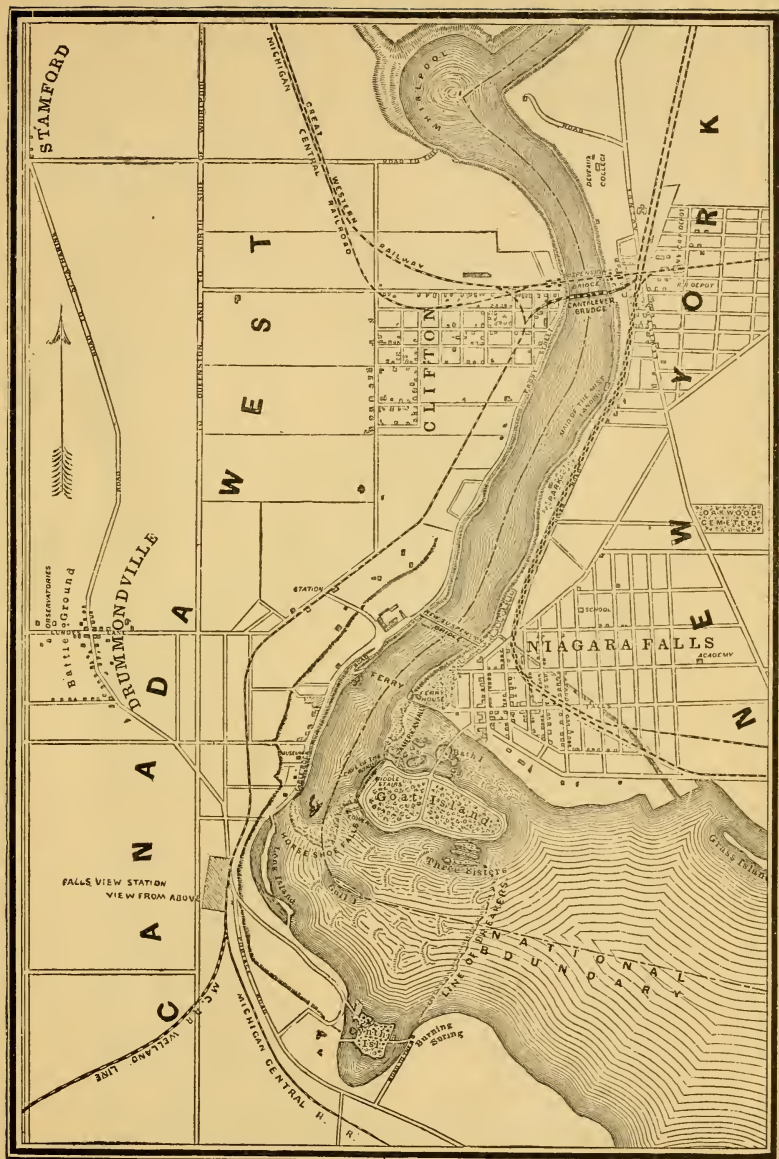


TERRAPIN POINT AND HORSE-SHOE FALLS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

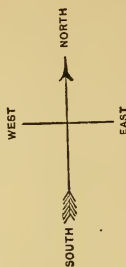
The Editor and Publisher desires to acknowledge the valuable help obtained by the perusal of a few works, from which short excerpts appear in the pages of this Guide.

Anthony Trollope's NORTH AMERICA, published by Messrs. Harper Bros.; an exquisite little volume of Geo. Houghton's NIAGARA AND OTHER POEMS, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; and that world-wide well known Story of THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY, by W. D. Howells, published also by the last named firm.



MAP OF NIAGARA FALLS AND VICINITY.

From the Original Maps
— OF THE —
BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS.





CONTENTS.

Preliminary, - - - - -	11
Distant Echoes, - - - - -	12
Adventures, - - - - -	14
Discovery, - - - - -	17
Correlative, - - - - -	20
An Imposing Scene, - - - - -	22
Poesy, - - - - -	27
Creative Prodigality, - - - - -	31
General Notes, - - - - -	40
Icicles, - - - - -	43
Chilling Bondage, - - - - -	45
Grand Tour, - - - - -	49
Goat Island Bridge, - - - - -	49
American Rapids, - - - - -	52
Ship and Brig Islands, - - - - -	52
Bath Island, - - - - -	52
Chapin Island, - - - - -	52
Robinson Island, - - - - -	52
On Goat Island, - - - - -	54
Hog's Back, - - - - -	54
Luna Island, - - - - -	54
The Three Profiles, - - - - -	54
The Center Fall, - - - - -	56
Biddle's Stairs, - - - - -	56
The Cave of the Winds, - - - - -	56
The Rock of Ages, - - - - -	58
Terrapin Bridge, - - - - -	58
Three Sisters Islands, - - - - -	62
Leaping Rock, - - - - -	62
The Little Brother, - - - - -	62
The Hermit's Cascade, - - - - -	62
At the Head of Goat Island, - - - - -	62
The Spring, - - - - -	64
Prospect Park, - - - - -	64

TABLE OF CONTENTS.—CONTINUED.

Grand Tour—

Prospect Point, - - - - -	66
The Inclined Railway, - - - - -	66
The Hurricane Bridge, - - - - -	66
The Shadow of the Rock, - - - - -	66
The Ferry, - - - - -	68
General View, - - - - -	68
American Falls—Front View, - - - - -	70
Table Rock, - - - - -	70
Horse-Shoe Fall, - - - - -	70
The Spiral Staircase, - - - - -	72
Below Table Rock and Under the Fall, - - - - -	72
Canadian Rapids, - - - - -	74
Grand Rapids Drive, - - - - -	74
Burning Spring, - - - - -	76
Navy Island, - - - - -	76
Museum Building, - - - - -	76
The New Suspension Bridge, - - - - -	76
The Bridal Veil Fall, - - - - -	80
New Cantilever Bridge, - - - - -	80
Old Suspension Bridge, - - - - -	80
Whirlpool Rapids, - - - - -	82
Captain Webb, - - - - -	84
Navigation of the Rapids, - - - - -	84
The Whirlpool, - - - - -	86
The Manitou or Pinnacle Rock, - - - - -	88
Brock's Monument, - - - - -	88
Top of the Mountain, - - - - -	88
Queenston, - - - - -	88
Lewiston, - - - - -	90
Fort Niagara, - - - - -	90
Fort Missasauga, - - - - -	90
The Devil's Hole, - - - - -	90
Lundy's Lane Battle Ground, - - - - -	93
Drummondville, - - - - -	93
Above the Falls, - - - - -	93
Chippewa Battle Ground, - - - - -	93
Tuscarora Indian Reservation, - - - - -	93
Distance Tables, - - - - -	95
Admission Fees and Tolls, - - - - -	95
Legal Rates of Fare, - - - - -	96
Parting Injunction, - - - - -	96



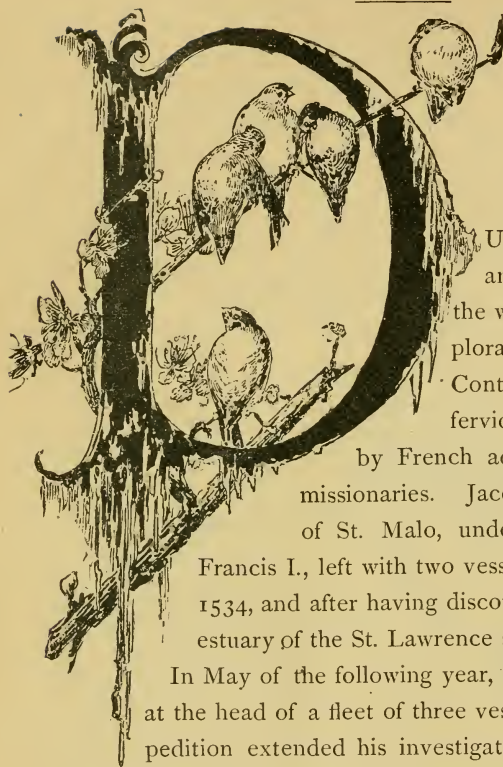
PRELIMINARY.

Anthony Trollope.



IF all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see,—at least of all those which I have seen,—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures. This is a long word; but as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious and so powerful. At Niagara there is the fall of waters alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green. The finished glaze of life in Paris is less invariable; and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.

DISTANT ECHOES.



URING the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the work of discovery and exploration of the American Continent was pushed with fervid zeal and enthusiasm by French adventurers, soldiers and missionaries. Jacques Cartier, a Captain, of St. Malo, under commission of King

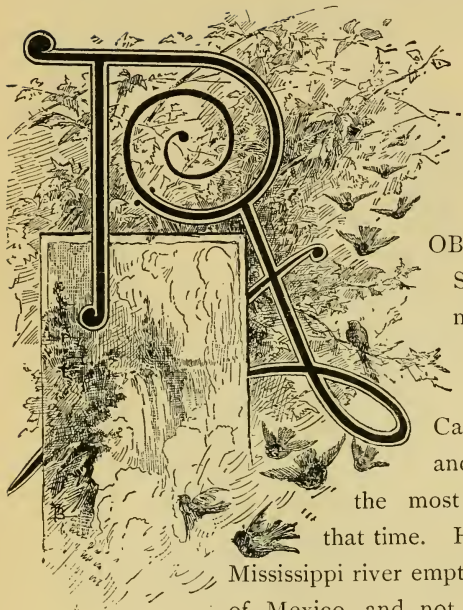
Francis I., left with two vessels on the 20th of April, 1534, and after having discovered the entrance of the estuary of the St. Lawrence set out again for France.

In May of the following year, the St. Malo captain left at the head of a fleet of three vessels, and during this expedition extended his investigation 640 miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Hochelaga or Montreal, where he found "ploughed lands and large and beautiful plains full of the corn of the country." Here, Cartier, collected information from the Indians, who had accorded him a cordial welcome, about the rapids and source of the St. Lawrence and some distant water-falls.

From this period to the end of the seventeenth century incidental reference is made in various explorers' accounts to the existence of the Falls, which are found marked down on several maps, but no historical mention whatsoever is made.



ADVENTURES.



ROBERT CAVALIER DE LA SALLE, son of a wealthy merchant of Rouen, France, an ambitious, bold, resolute young man, came to Canada in the spring of 1666, and stood conspicuous among

the most adventurous explorers at that time. He had a firm belief that the Mississippi river emptied southward into the Gulf of Mexico, and not into the Pacific ocean, as stated by other discoverers, and it became the settled purpose of his life to be the instrument by which the immense territory tributary to its waters would be thrown into the lap of France, and extensive commercial relations established.

After a visit to King Louis XIV., who granted him a seignory of land in Canada around Ft. Catarauqui, and the order of Knighthood, La Salle on his return rebuilt the fort, which he named Frontenac, with massive towers of stone, then took steps to place another fort at the mouth of the Niagara river, having obtained reluctant permission from the Senecas to erect it, and also to build a vessel above the Falls of Niagara. This vessel,



ROBERT CAVALIER DE LA SALLE.

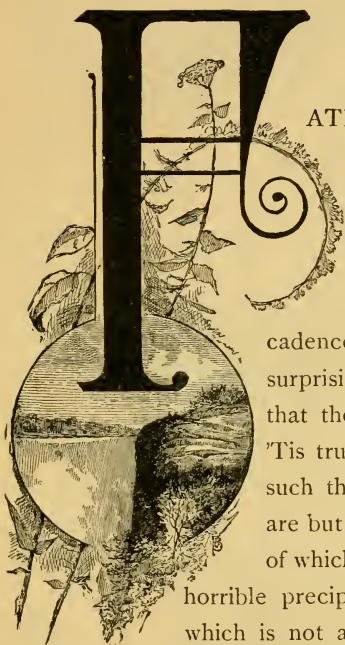
named the Griffin, launched on the 7th of August, 1679, was the first to navigate the lakes.

Father Louis Hennepin, a Roman Catholic Missionary, accompanied La Salle in his explorations. and to him we are indebted for the first description of the wonderful cataract which he had visited in December, 1678. His work is entitled, "A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America, extending above four thousand miles, between New France and New Mexico, with a description of the Great Lakes, Cataracts, Rivers, Plants and Animals; also the Manners, Customs and Languages of the several Native Indians, and the Advantages of Commerce with these different Nations, etc." It contains many wonderful recitals, bearing a strong impress of Indian folk-lore and traditions, coupled with a tendency to the marvellous.



"THE GRIFFIN."

DISCOVERY.

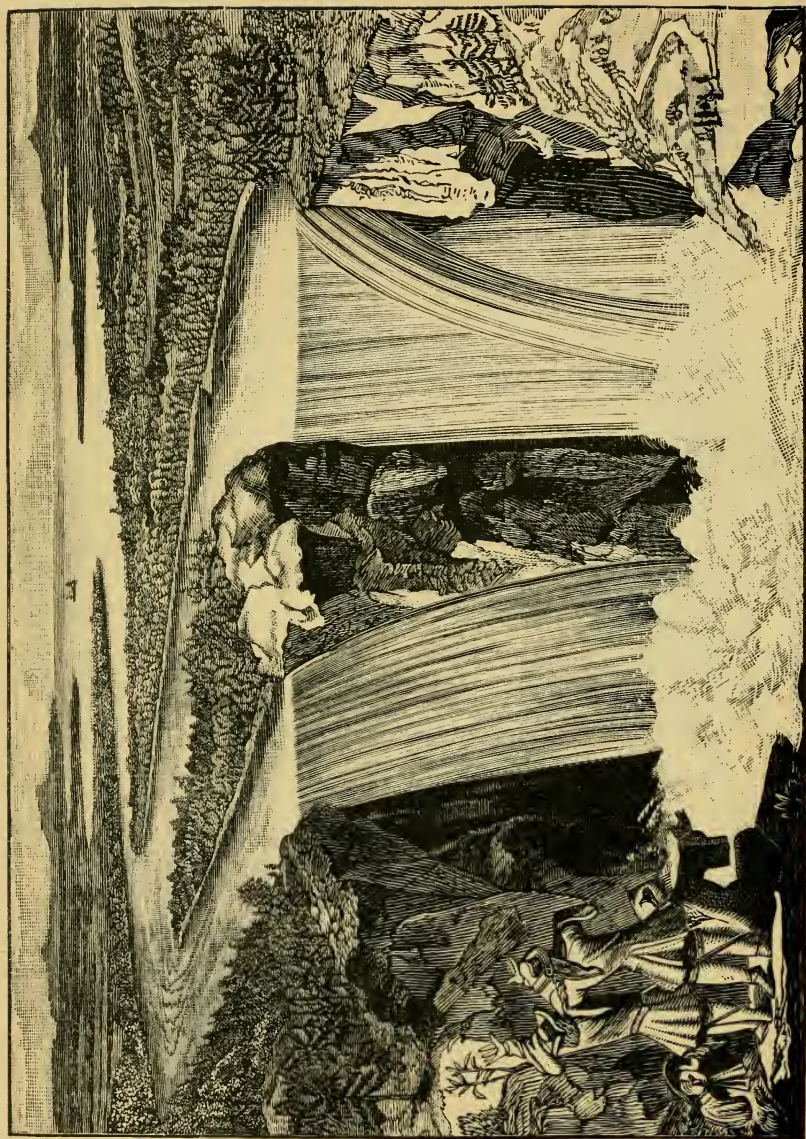


ATHER HENNEPIN is the first historian of the Falls, and a few excerpts from his account prove interesting reading, even at this date.

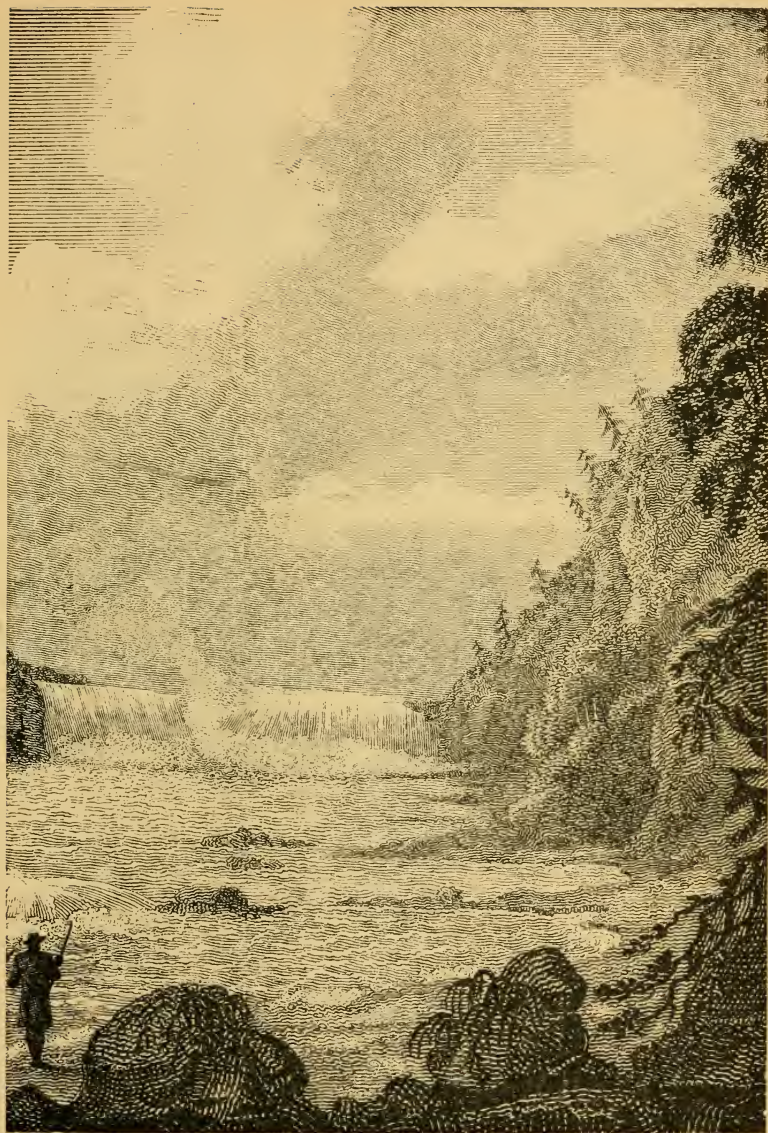
"Betwixt the Lakes Ontario and Erie, there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water, which falls down after a surprising and astounding manner; insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. 'Tis true, Italy and Suedland boast of some such things, but we may well say that they are but sorry patterns when compared to this of which we now speak. At the foot of this

horrible precipice we meet with the river Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this descent that it violently hurries down the wild beasts while endeavoring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them headlong, above six hundred feet high.

"This wonderful downfall is compounded of two great cross streams of water and two falls, with an isle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise, more terrible than that of thunder."



FAC-SIMILE OF HENNEPIN'S SKETCH OF THE FALLS IN 1678.



WELD'S SKETCH OF HORSE SHOE FALLS, 1795.

CORRELATIVE.

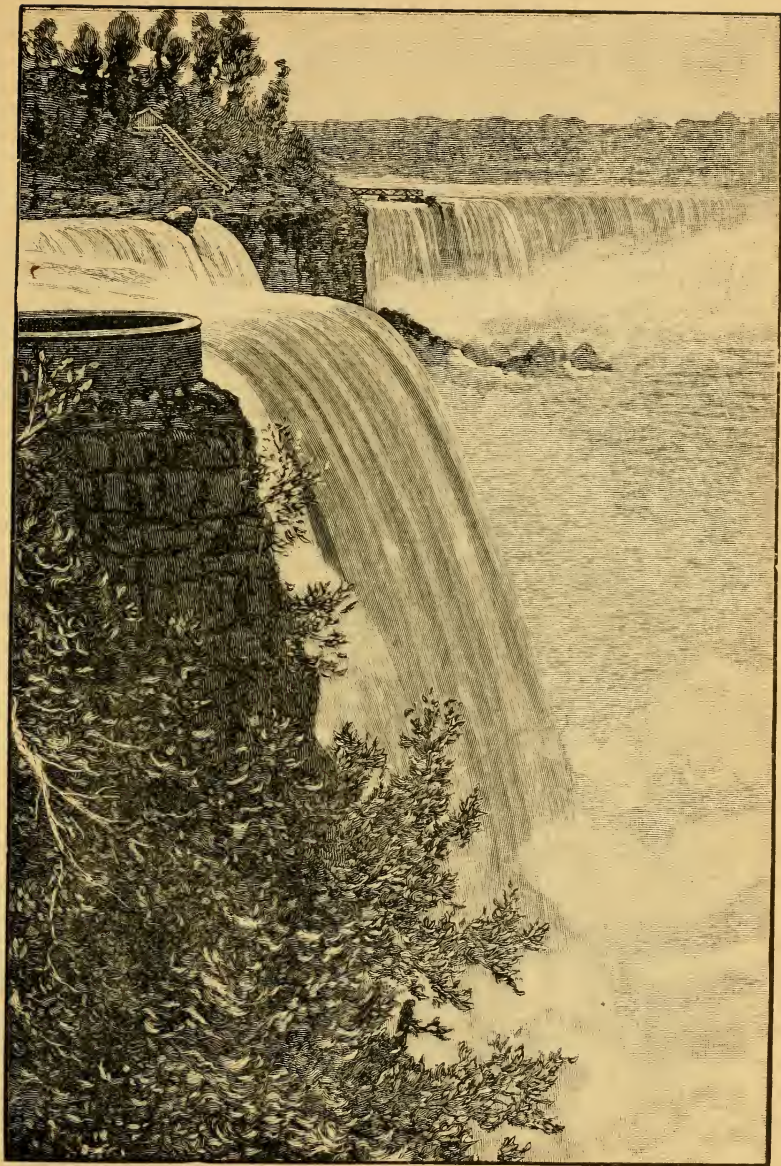


TEN years later La Hontaine substantially corroborates the statements of Hennepin. "As for the waterfall of Niagara, 'tis seven or eight hundred feet high and a half a league broad. Towards the middle of it we descry an island, that leans towards the precipice as if it were ready to fall. All the beasts that attempt to cross the waters within half a quarter of a league above this unfortunate island are sucked in by the stream. They serve for food for the Iroquois, who take them out of the water with their canoes. Between the surface of the water, that shelves prodigiously, and the foot of the precipice, three men may cross it abreast, without any other damage than a sprinkling of some few drops of water."

CHARLEVOIX, in 1721, gives a more correct approximation of the height of the Falls. "For my own part," he writes, "having examined it on all sides, where it could be viewed to the greatest advantage, I am inclined to think we cannot allow it less than one hundred and forty or fifty feet."

PETER KALM, a famous Swedish botanist, in 1750, notices the disappearance of some rocks which diverted the course of the Horse-Shoe Fall at the Table Rock, forming the cross Fall indicated by Hennepin.

PICQUET, WELD, SUTCLIFF and numerous other visitors during the eighteenth century, indicate some changes, such as a reduction in the number of cascades, and a crumbling away of the rocky ledge, and constant recession of the Falls in consequence.



THE FALLS FROM PROSPECT PARK.

AN IMPOSING SCENE.

Edited.



IN the sublimity and grandeur which attach to the irresistible rush and leap of mighty waters, Niagara stands alone, matchless and unrivaled. From the rocks at the base of the American Fall unrolls the most imposing scene the eye of man will ever witness.

The long column of sparkling water seems to descend to an immeasurable depth upon the rocks, the immense mass breaks into spray, a tremendous ghost of mist, forming heavy clouds, ascends to the heavens, the bright sea-green curve above has the appearance of being let into the sky, through the rifts in the spray, the vast line of the Falls looms up to view. A sight never to be forgotten.

In the quiet hours of a glorious morning, looking now up to where the crown of the Fall, illuminated by the early sun, shines like opal, now downward where the gray mist curls up in the deep shadow, or across the chasm which seems bridged over by the rainbow, whose feet are planted by the American shore, while its summit, which not long before had topped the height of the Canadian precipice, flinging a glory over the bare rocks and scanty shrubbery, creeps slowly down, as the sun climbs its steep way up the eastern sky, the tremendous power and magnificence of the Falls excites the fullest admiration and astonishment.



BELOW THE AMERICAN FALL.

From the wall of waters, every spray-drop gives back a diamond—every column of the descending element, a pillar of silver—and in the center of the Horseshoe Fall the bright emerald of the deep water, curving over the cliff, reflects rays as of the most brilliant gems.

If there were gates to fairy-land opening from this world of ours, and times when they are visible and recognizable by the chance passing eye of man, one would believe he had fallen on the hour, and that some inner and slowly opening portal was letting the brightness of a fairy world through these curtains of crystal. And the dark waters of the river contrasting with the foamy, boiling appearance of the seething caldron at the foot of the Falls, the tempestuous agitation of the wild currents, and the storm of spray and wind seem fitting preludes to a vision of the Inferno, thrown into the very distant back-ground by a flood of light and beauty.

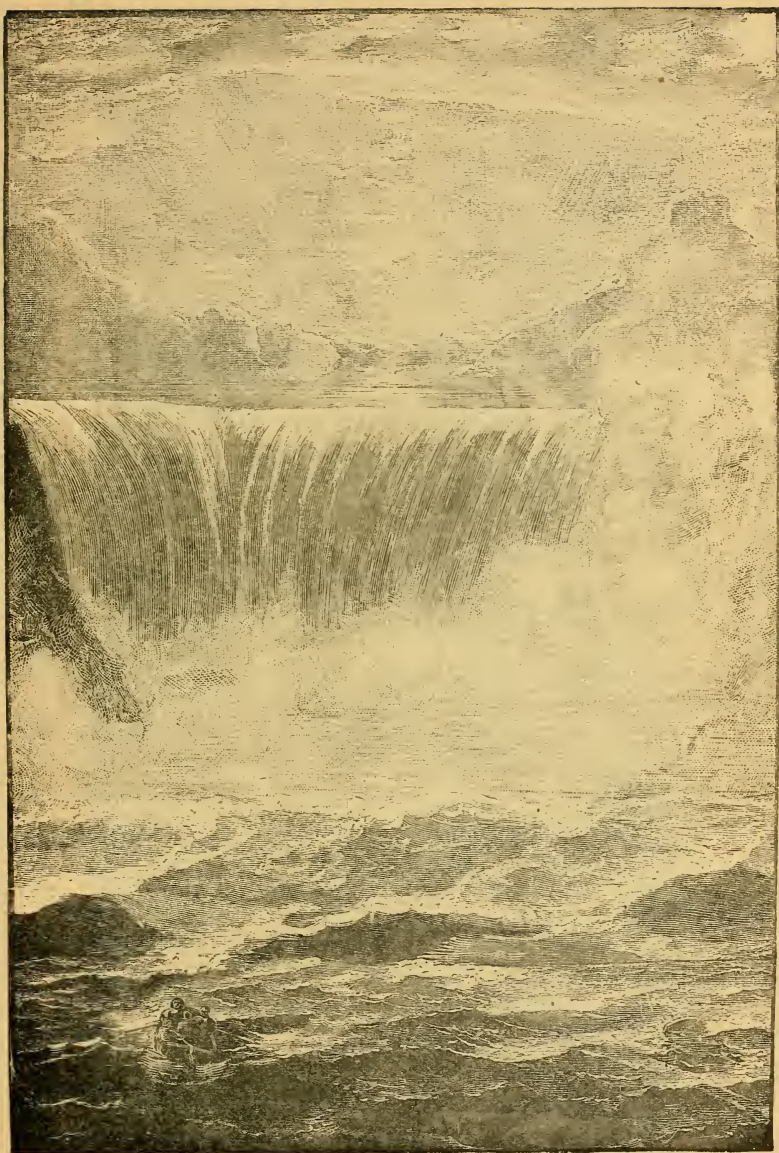
Tall above tower and tree looms thy steeple builded of sunshine,
Mystical steeple, white, like a cloud, upyearning toward heaven.
Till into cloud-land it drifts, uprolling in hill-tops and headlands,
Catches the glory of sunset, then pales into rose-tint and purple.

* * * * *

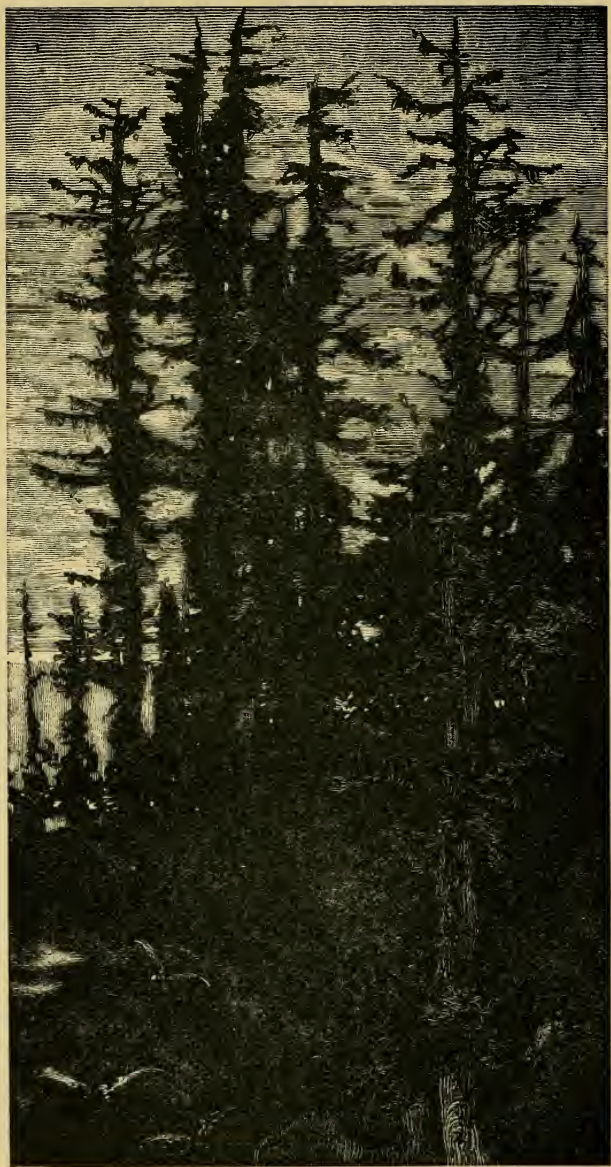
Who in bright pigments shall match the luminous sun-god at mid-day!
Who shall dare picture in words the turbulent wrath of the tempest!
Seeing, I can but stand still, with finger on lip, and keep silent.

—Geo. Houghton.

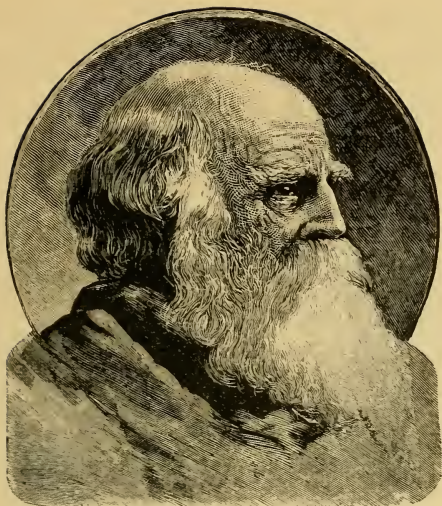




IN THE RIVER, BELOW THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS.



“ THY FOREST PINES ARE FITTER CORONAL.”

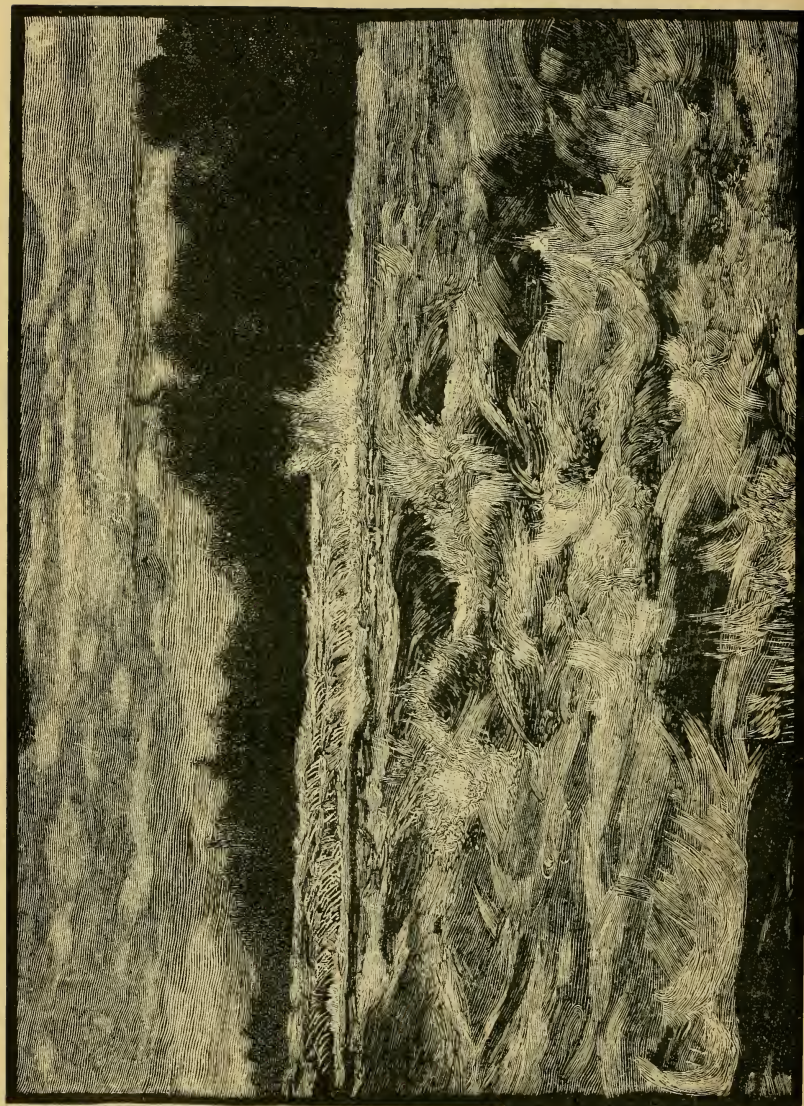


POESY.

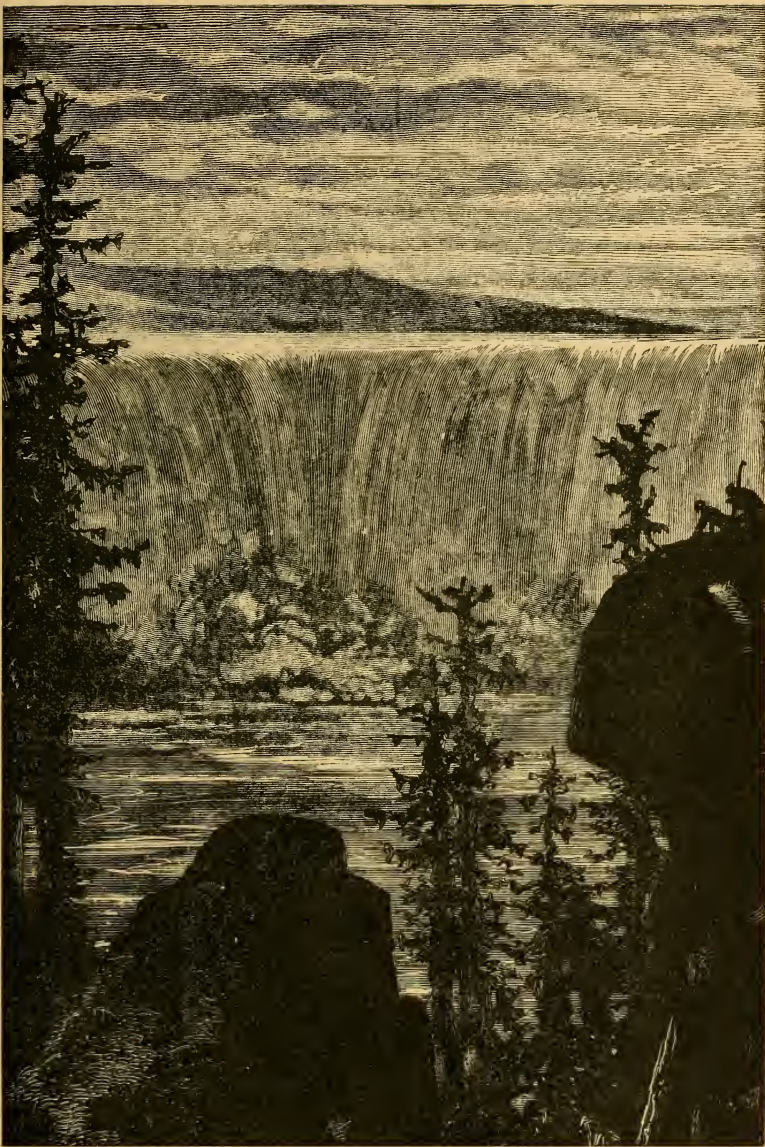
"Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
Those wide involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!

* * * * *

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden,—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.



"THY WAVES GROW BROKEN 'MIDST THE ROCKS."



"TOWARD THE VERGE SWEEPS THE WIDE TORRENT."

They reach, they leap the barrier,—the abyss
 Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
 A thousand rainbows arch them, and woods
 Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
 Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
 A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
 The mighty pyramid of circling mist
 To heaven. * “ * *
 What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here,
 About the jaws of this abyss, the palms,—
 Ah, the delicious palms,—that on the plains
 Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
 Their thickly foliated summits to the sun,
 And, in the breathings of the ocean air
 Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
 Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
 The effeminate myrtle and pale rose may grow
 In gardens and give out their fragrance there,
 Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
 To do a nobler office. Generous minds
 Behold thee, and are moved and learn to rise
 Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
 Thy grandeur at the utterance of thy name.

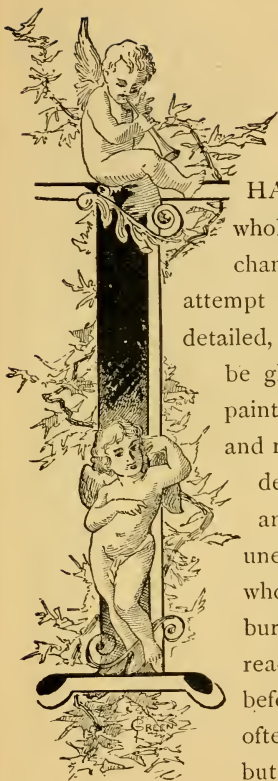
 * * * * *
 Dread torrent, that with wonder and with fear
 Dost overwhelm the soul of him who looks
 Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
 Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies
 Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
 What power hath ordered that, when all thy weight
 Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
 Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?

The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
 Covered thy face with clouds and given his voice
 To thy down-rushing waters: he hath girt
 Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
 I see thy never-resting waters run,
 And I bethink me how the tide of time
 Sweeps to eternity."

*Translated from the Spanish of Maria José Heredósia,
 by William Cullen Bryant.*

CREATIVE PRODIGALITY.

Rev. Bascom.



HAVE seen, surveyed, and communed with the whole!—and, awed and bewildered, as if enchanted before the revelation of a mystery, I attempt to write. You ask me in your last for some detailed, veritable account of the Falls, and I should be glad to gratify you; but how shall I essay to paint a scene that so utterly baffles all conception, and renders worse than fruitless every attempt at description? In five minutes after my arrival, and for the first time in my life, I saw this unequaled cascade from Table Rock; the whole indescribable scene, in bold outline, bursting on my view at once. I had heard and read much, and imagined more, of what was before me. I was perfectly familiar with the often-told, the far-travelled story of what I saw; but the overpowering *reality* on which I was

gazing, motionless as the rock on which I stood, deprived me of recollection, annihilated all curiosity; and, with emotions of sublimity, till now unfelt, and all unearthly, the involuntary exclamation escaped me, "*God of grandeur? what a scene?*" But the majesty of the sight, and the interest of the moment, how depict them? The huge amplitude of water, tumbling in foam above,



VIEW FROM RAILROAD BRIDGES.

and dashing on, arched and pillared as it glides, until it reaches the precipice of the *chute*, and then, in one vast column, bounding, with maddening roar and rush, into the depths beneath, presents a spectacle so unutterably appalling that language falters; words are no longer signs, and I despair giving you any adequate idea of what I saw and felt. Yet this is not all. The eye and the mind necessarily take in other objects, as parts of the grand panorama; forests, cliffs, and islands; banks, foam and spray; wood, rock, and precipice; dimmed with the rising fog and mist, and obscurely gilded by the softening tints of the rainbow. These all belong to the picture; and the effect of the whole is immeasurably heightened by the noise of the cataract, now reminding you of the reverberations of the heavens in a tempest, and then of the eternal roar of ocean, when angered by the winds.

The concave bed of rock, from which the water falls, some two hundred feet, into the almost boundless reservoir beneath, is the section of a circle, which, at first sight, from Table Rock, presents something like the geometrical curve of the rainbow; and the wonders of the grand Crescent, thus advantageously thrown upon the eye in combination, and the appropriate sensations and conceptions heightened by the crash and boom of the waters, render the sight more surpassingly sublime than any thing I have ever looked upon or conceived of. As it regards my thoughts and feeling at the time, I can help you to no conception of their character. Overwhelming astonishment was the only bond between thought and thought; and wild, and vague, and boundless, were the associations of the hour! Before me the strength and fulness of the congregated "lakes of the north" were enthroned and concentrated, within a circumference embraced by a single glance of the eye.

Here I saw, rolling and dashing, at the rate of twenty-five hundred millions of tons per day, nearly one-half of all the fresh water upon the surface of the globe! On the American side, I

beheld a vast deluge, nine hundred feet in breadth, with a fall of one hundred and eighty or ninety, met, fifty feet above the level of the gulf, by a huge projection of rock, which seems to break the descent and continuity of the flood, only to increase its fierce and overwhelming bound. And turning to the Crescent, I saw the mingled rush of foam and tide, dashing with fearful strife and desperate emulation—four hundred yards of the sheet rough and sparry and the remaining three hundred a deep, sea-like mass of living green—rolling and heaving like a sheet of emerald. Even imagination failed me; and I could think of nothing but ocean let loose from his bed, and seeking a deeper gulf below! The fury of the water, at the termination of its fall, combined with the columned strength of the cataract, and the deafening thunder of the flood, are at once inconceivable and indescribable. No imagination, however creative, can correspond with the grandeur of the reality.

I have already mentioned, and it is important that you keep it in view, the ledge of rock, the verge of the cataract, rising like a wall of equal height, and extending in semicircular form across the whole bed of the river, a distance of more than two thousand feet; and the impetuous flood, conforming to this arrangement, in making its plunge, with mountain weight, into the great Horseshoe basin beneath, exhibits a spectacle of the sublime, in geographical scenery, without, perhaps, a parallel in Nature. As I leaned over Table Rock, and cast my eye downward upon the billowy turbulence of the angry depth, where the waters were tossing and whirling, coiling and springing, with the energy of an earthquake, and a rapidity that almost mocked my vision, I found the scene sufficient to appall a sterner spirit than mine; and I was glad to turn away and relieve my mind by a sight of the surrounding scenery—bays, islands, shores, and forests, everywhere receding in due perspective. The rainbows of the Crescent and American side, which are only visible from the western bank of the Niagara, and in the afternoon, seem



CENTRE FALL AND ROCK OF AGES.

to diminish somewhat from the awfulness of the scene, and to give it an aspect of rich and mellow grandeur, not unlike the bow of promise, throwing its assuring radiance over the retiring waters of the deluge.

The "rapids," which commence nearly a mile above the cataract, and, sparkling in the sun, spread out, before the eye, like a sea of diamonds, seem admirably to give notice of what awaits below; and when examined from a position on Goat Island, become extremely interesting, from the dash and foam of the broken flood, the noise of which, distinct from that of the great Fall, would remind you of the lofty murmurs of an Alpine forest, in the rising swell of the coming storm. In crossing the river below the Falls, you have one of the richest views of the whole cascade that can possibly be imagined; and the rising bank and mossy rock, the lofty trees and luxuriant shrubbery on either side, are in fine keeping with the scene, and are essential to the unity and completeness of the picture. But what most interested me here, was the tumultuous tossing and whirling of the water. The whole mass seems to be heaving with infuriate life. A thousand counter currents and eddies meet, break, and mingle, in the general "torrent and whirlwind" of the waters.

But the most appalling combination of wonder and awe was felt, when, after descending the spiral staircase at Table Rock, I passed under the great falling sheet. Divesting myself of the more burdensome part of my clothes, and girding an oil-cloth mantle about me, with a hood for the protection of the head, I entered the hollow space, half luminous, half obscure, between the projecting rock and the boundless mass of water pouring over its arch, like a sea of molten lead. In this way I proceeded one hundred and fifty or sixty feet, to "Termination Rock," a point beyond which no human being has ever penetrated; and here, amid a tempest of wind and spray, almost depriving me of respiration, I paused to look up and



OLD TERRAPIN TOWER AND AMERICAN RAPIDS,

around, awed and agitated by the stirring grandeur and sombre mysteriousness of all I could hear or see!

The edge of the precipice, over which the water falls, is a projection of about fifty feet over the base where I stood. After remaining here for several minutes, and selecting some pebbles from the path at my feet, with an increased sense of danger, I effected my retreat, sincerely thankful, that I had not purchased the gratification of my curiosity with the loss of my life. I spent four days and nights, with the exception of a few hours for rest, in the examination of the Falls, and in solitude with the majesty of the engrossing scene—a majesty all its own—untyped and unshadowed by aught I had ever seen before; and having surveyed the great object of my visit from nearly a hundred different points of view, I was more than satisfied that the cataract of Niagara is a wonder in nature, wholly unique in its kind, and affording a rich, if not an unequaled harvest of interest and observation, to every beholder. Indeed, Nature seems to have done her work here in a mood and upon a scale of the most creative prodigality; consulting alike, as the pagan poet would say, “her own amusement and the admiration of man.”



ON GOAT ISLAND.



GENERAL NOTES.



THE boundary line between the United States and the Dominion of Canada runs in the center of the deepest water of the Niagara river, reaching from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and 36 miles in length. Its level above the sea is 564 feet and above Lake Ontario 334, which, of course, is the descent it makes to the latter. The descent from Lake Erie to Schlosser is 12 feet; at the rapids, 52 feet; at the Cataract, 164 feet; from this point to Lewiston, 104 feet; thence to Lake Ontario, 2 feet. At the head of Grand Island it branches out into two streams, measuring 8 miles across; opposite Schlosser it is nearly 3 miles; at the Falls three-quarters of a mile in width; at the Ferry, 56 rods wide; at the Whirlpool, 750 yards. Its depth varies in different places, from 75 to 300 feet.

The quantity of water precipitated over the Falls is estimated at 100 million tons per hour. It is the great drain of the lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie, with all the rivers flowing into them.

The American Fall is about 900 feet in breadth, and the water descends over a cliff 164 feet in height. The Horse-Shoe is about 1800 feet in breadth, and descends over cliffs of 158 feet in depth.

An opinion is generally entertained that the Falls were once located at the heights of Queenston, and that they have receded gradually. Sir Charles Lyell, a learned geologist, states it to be his conviction, that the Falls recede about one foot in the year; that probably they remained stationery for many years at the whirlpool, and that it took 15,000 years to bring them where they now

are. Of late years, since they have been more closely observed, there has been some change in their shape, slight variations constantly occurring.

Some even assert that within the memory of men of this generation the actual recession has been more than 100 feet. This, however, is not substantiated by any proofs that can be verified, and must be accepted "*cum grano salis*."

The roaring of the Cataract, in favorable states of the wind and atmosphere, is heard at great distances. Along the course of the river, it is asserted, the sound is perceptible at a distance of 14 miles. Yet it is scarcely heard within the precincts of the Falls, above, and at a little distance from them. The concussion of the atmosphere is such, however, that the windows in the buildings near the Falls keep up a continuous rattling, and the tremor can be felt very sensibly at times.

The word Niagara is of Indian origin, and is variously interpreted to mean "*The Thunder of Waters*," "*Thundering Waters*," or "*The Thunderer of the Waters*."

The shores of Niagara river have been the theater of numerous sanguinary actions; the possession of its borders having been disputed in turn by the French and Indians, English and French, Americans and Indians, and later on British and Americans.

Every change of season, weather and light, imparts some peculiar aspect to the extraordinary scene. The rising sun gilds the edges of the cataract, and illuminates the upper banks, with their wild crests of overhanging trees. The lofty column of mist, which forever stands like a cloud over this scene of noise and fury, is sometimes dark as a storm-cloud, but more frequently of a snowy whiteness, and illuminated and painted by rainbows, whose arches vary, in their position and direction, with the course of the sun. Night casts a tone of majesty over the scene—the wonderful effects of the lunar bows being specially interesting to witness.



WINTER SCENERY AT PROSPECT PARK.

ICICLES.



SCENES of unsurpassing beauty are presented by the Cataract of Niagara in winter. The trees are covered with the most brilliant and sparkling coruscations of snow and ice; the islands, the shrubs, the giant rocks, are robed in the same spotless vesture. Frozen spray, glittering and gleaming as brightly and vivaciously as frozen sunlight, encases all things; Niagara Falls is the absolute dominion of the Ice King. In bright sunshine, the flashing rays from millions of gems produce a bewitching effect.

Upon the occurrence of a thaw sufficient to break up the ice in Lake Erie, masses of floating ice, dissevered from the frozen lake and stream above, are precipitated over the Falls in blocks of several tons each. These remain at the foot of the cataract, from the stream being closed below, and form a natural bridge across it. As they accumulate, they get progressively piled up, like a Cyclopean wall, built of huge blocks of ice instead of stone. This singular masonry of nature gets cemented by the spray, which rising in clouds of mist as usual from the foot of the Falls, attaches itself

in its upward progress to the icy wall, filling up the interstices.



LUNA ISLAND'S WINTRY GARB.

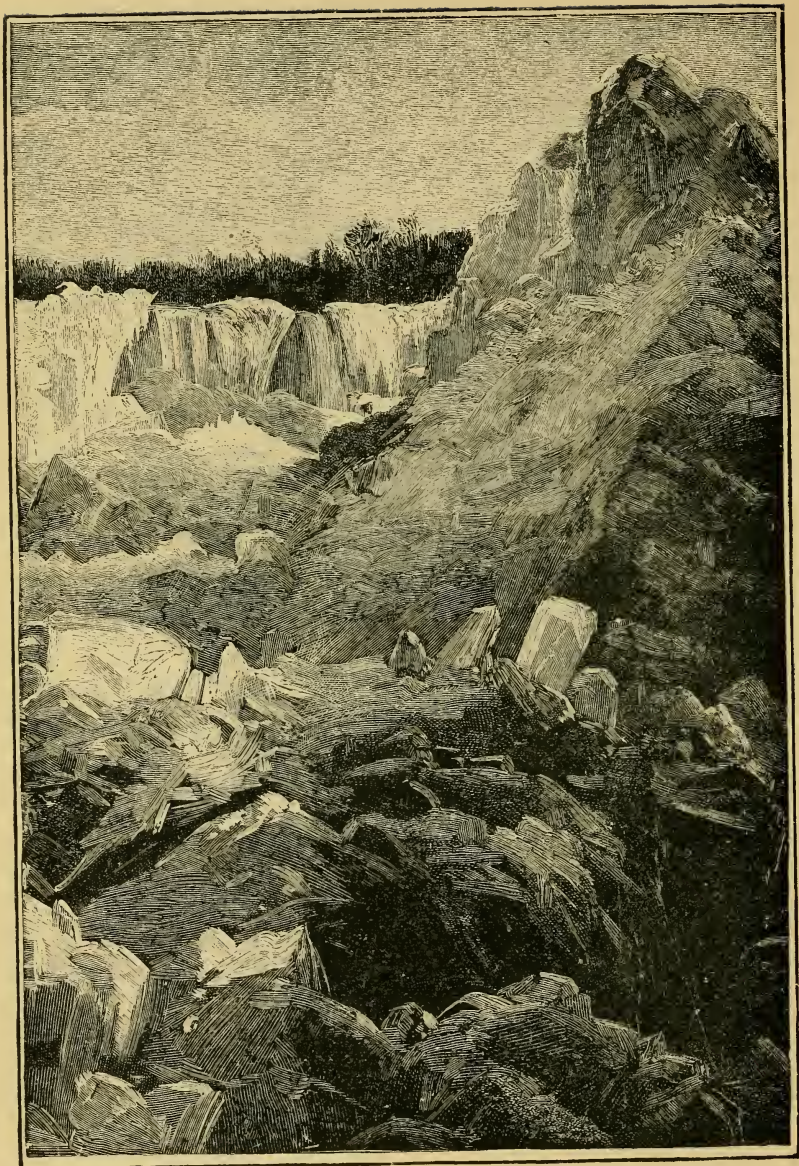
GILLING BONDAGE.

The Ice Bridge.

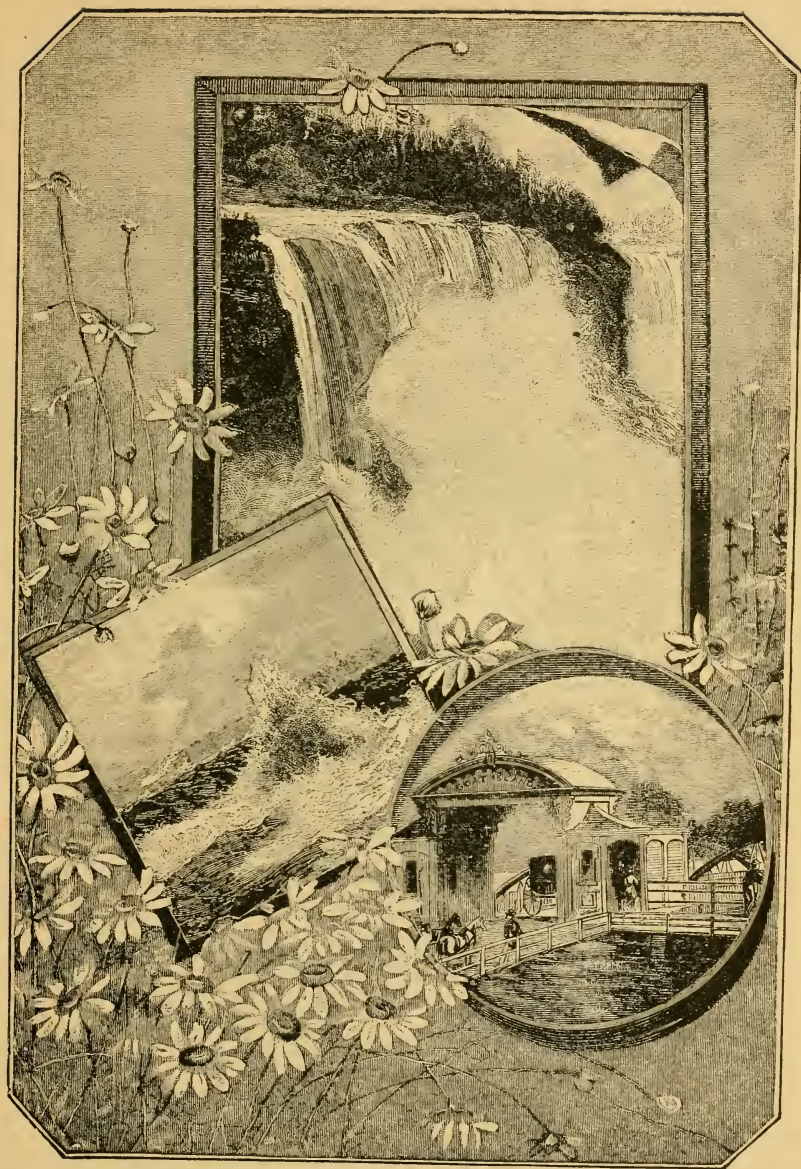
GLORIOUS art thou in thy bondage still,
Thou Alp majestic 'mid the fettered floods!
For thou dost tower like snow-clad mountains high,
Whose glacier-tops with avalanche unmoved,
Defy the sun to melt their frozen crowns,
That steel the radiance of the earliest dawn,
And shine with eyes that rival e'en the stars!
I see thee sitting like a Roman chief
Upon his curule chair in forum halls,
Looking with quick and piercing glance around,
While lictors frontward stand, his body-guard,
With threatening fasces to enforce his word;
Or like an army filed in bold array,
With muskets bright and bristling bayonets,
That daze the foeman's eyes which miss their aim.

I have looked up on tall ancestral piles
Of Gothic architecture framed by art,
With marble quarried from the whitened rock,
That lifted high their turrets in the light,
And pointed many sharpened spires above,
With rugged front and visages all carved
In purposed rudeness imitating life.
And now I seem thus looking up to thee,
Thou frost built prison of the captured flood!
What solemn awe and what emotions deep,
Of grandeur and sublimity arise
Within my wondering soul at sight of thee!
Now like a Switzer huntsman on the Alps,
With sandaled foot and iron-pointed staff,
I traverse here the pathway of thy tide,
All strongly paved with massive blocks of ice!
Down steep declivities, whose sharpened sides
With jutting icicles oppose my steps,
I pass securely though with beating heart;
Across the clefts by thy convulsions formed,
I leap along nor see the chasm below!
O'er towering peaks whose craggy ascents tire,
I slowly creep with clinging hand and foot;
Now up thy steep, while deaf to caution's voice,
I mount unwearied, heeding not the threat,
Thou thunderest forth behind these ponderous walls,
In smothered tones like those of muffled drums!

—Rev. Bulkley.



THE ICE MOUNTAIN—1883



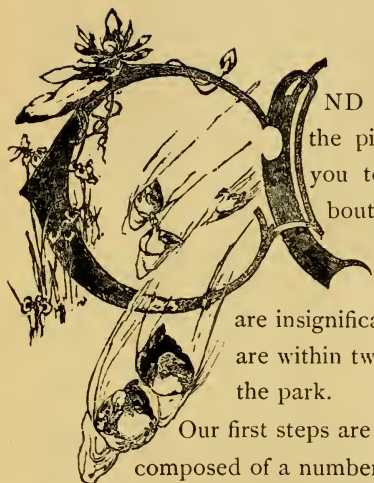
AMERICAN FALL—LEAPING ROCK—GOAT ISLAND TOLL GATE.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS

FROM
UPPER RAPIDS
TO THE
WHIRLPOOL



GRAND TOUR



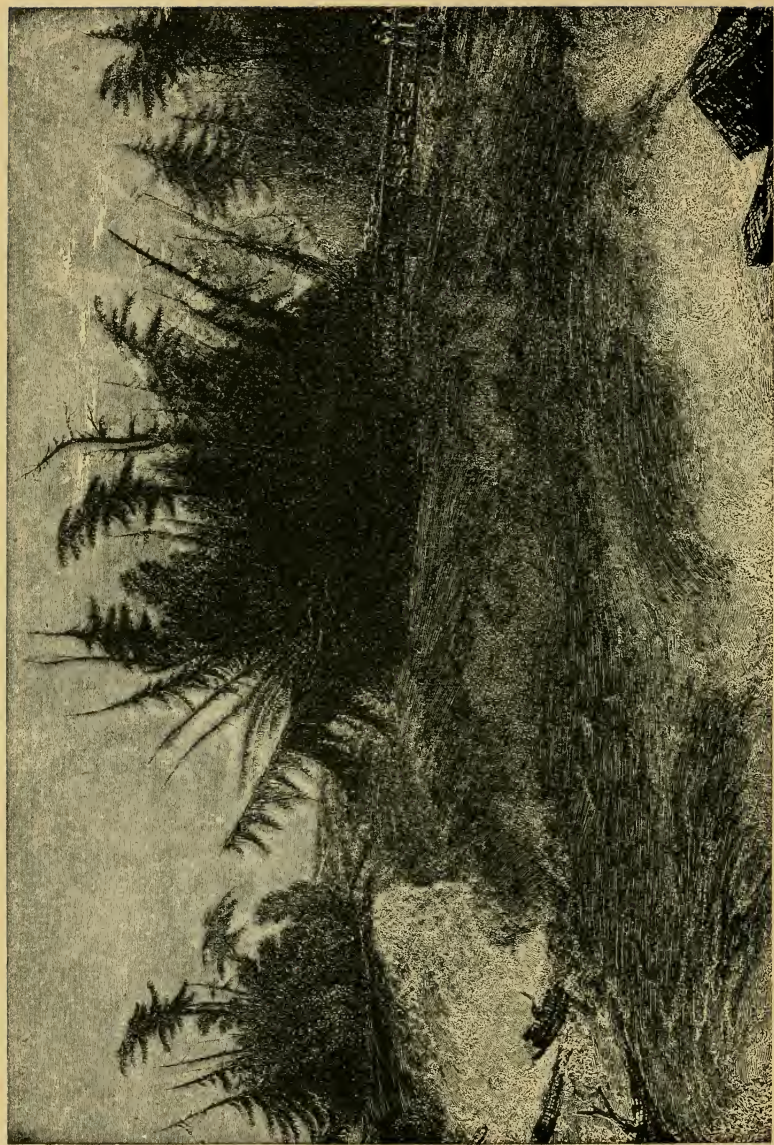
ND now, kind reader, if you will follow the pilgrim in his rambles, he will guide you to every point of interest roundabouts. The distances from either the depots or hotels to the most interesting points on the American side are insignificant. Following the main street, we are within two or three blocks of the islands and the park.

Our first steps are directed towards Goat Island group, composed of a number of islets studding the river, besides the main island which divides the Horse-shoe and American Falls.

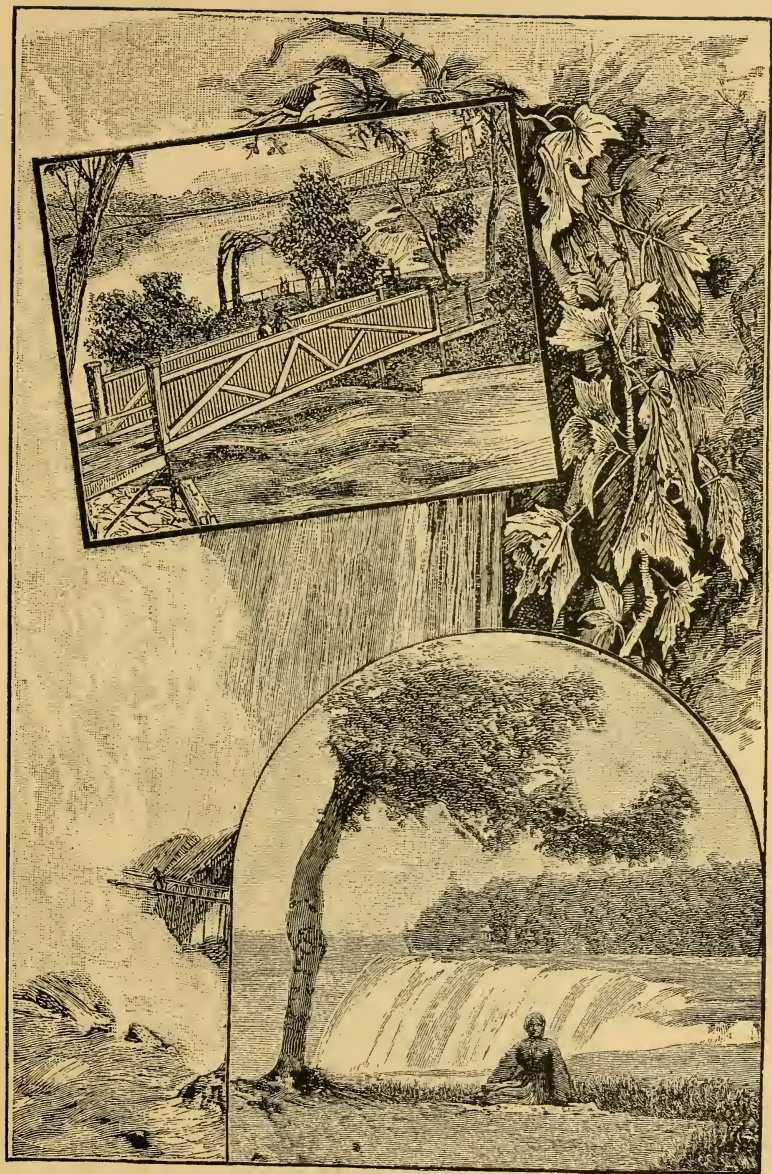
A very few moments bring us to the toll-gate of

GOAT ISLAND BRIDGE.

This structure is remarkable from the fact that it spans one of the most turbulent of any known rapids. It was first built as a frail wooden structure in 1817, by Judge Porter, and was soon carried away. It was replaced by a stronger one, which stood from 1818 to 1856, when it was removed, and the present elegant structure substituted. The foundations are heavy oaken cribs, filled with stone and plated with iron. The bridge itself is of iron, in four arches, each of ninety feet span, making a total length of three hundred and sixty feet. Its width is twenty-seven feet, comprising



SHIP AND BRIG ISLANDS



VIEWS ON LUNA ISLAND.

a double carriage-way, with foot-way on either side. Here is the finest lookout on

THE AMERICAN RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS,
which viewed from this point present the appearance of plunging from the sky, but only a prelude to the wild scenes further on. The scene is one of unusual wildness and weird beauty. Like the memorable bride and groom in Howell's *Wedding Journey* we pause and look "up and down the rapids rushing down the slope in all their wild variety, with the white crests of breaking surf, the dark massiveness of heavy-climbing waves, the fleet, smooth sweep of currents over broad shelves of sunken rock, the dizzy swirl and suck of whirlpools."

SHIP AND BRIG ISLANDS
stem the current a little above the bridge and are two small wooded isles of rare beauty. It needs but little effort of the imagination to fancy them vessels under full press of sail, endeavoring to sheer out of the current that hurries them inevitably down. Ship Island was once accessible by a bridge connecting it with Bath Island. It was swept away and has not been rebuilt.

BATH ISLAND,
one of the group of islands which stud the rapids upon the American side, above the cataract, is the first on our way. It contains about two acres, and its former scenes of loveliness have disappeared to make room for the various buildings and sheds of a large paper-mill. Looking down the river are several small islets, the first two of which are named Chapin and Robinson Island.

CHAPIN ISLAND
received its name from that of a workman who fell into the rapids while repairing the Goat Island bridge, was hurled to its shores, and notwithstanding the imminent peril of the undertaking was rescued by Joel R. Robinson.

ROBINSON ISLAND
is named after the intrepid navigator of Niagara's troubled waters, whose brave feats of daring in rescuing life and property should immortalize his name.

Crossing by a bridge of a single span at the south end of Bath Island, we are



NICHOLAS BIDDLE AND BIDDLE'S STAIRS.

ON GOAT ISLAND,

into a shady forest, almost in its primeval simplicity, a most lovely and romantic spot of ground, affording a cool retreat in summer from the noon-day heat, beneath the dense foliage of trees abounding there, upon the trunks of which are inscribed various names and dates showing that visits were here made as early as 1769. It was, in ancient times, one of the favorite burying-grounds of the Indians. It owes its singular name to the fact that some goats placed there to pasture in 1779, perished from the cold during the ensuing winter. This island, forming on one side a part of the precipice, commences near the head of the Rapids almost in the center of the river, dividing it so as to form the two main portions of the Falls. It covers an extent of seventy acres.

On reaching the Island we have taken the first road leading to the right and arrive at the northwest part, upon a narrow ridge, called from its shape

HOG'S BACK,

from which we gain one of the finest views of the American Falls. Right in front is the small Center Fall, and the foot-bridge which leads to Luna Island, with its dwarfed and stunted trees; beyond is the serrated line of the American Falls; while the distance is filled up with the receding lines of the banks of the river below.

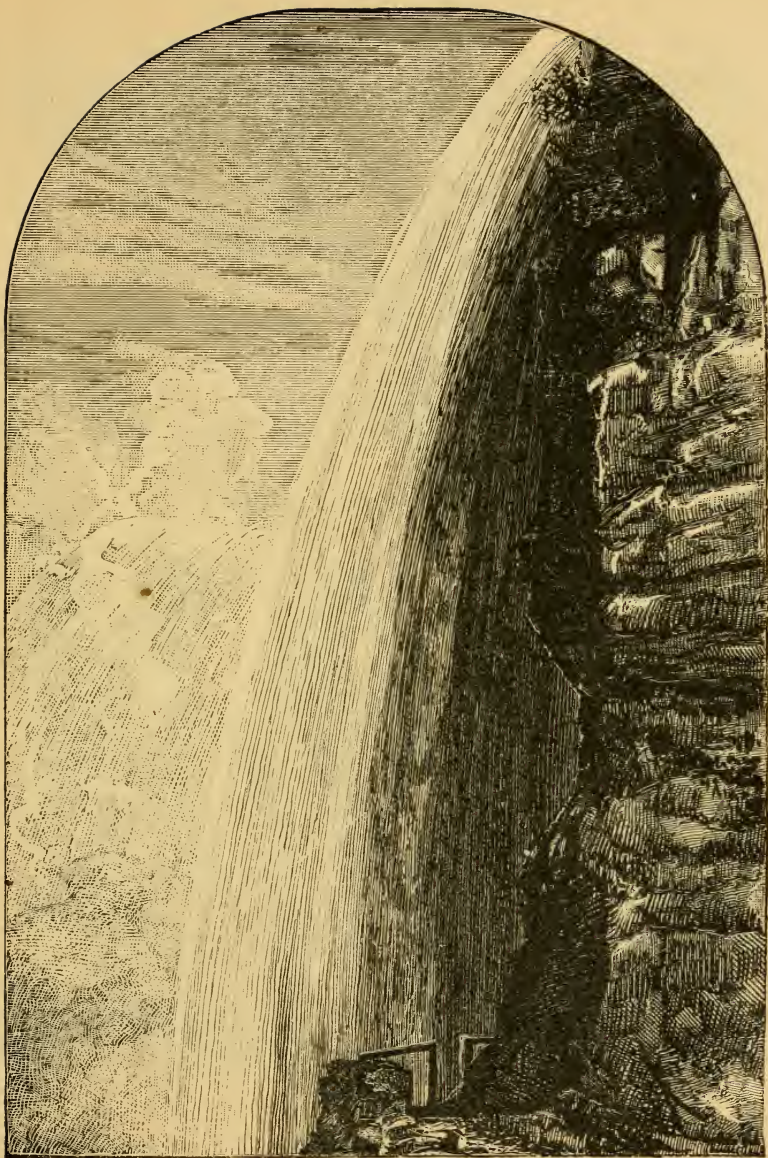
Descending the steps in front of us, we cross a pretty and substantial bridge over the stream that forms the Center Fall and land upon

LUNA ISLAND,

a pleasant little islet well worthy of a visit. Its name came to it in connection with the weird and pleasing appearance of the Lunar bows, visible there. From its northwestern point the sight of the many rainbows playing hide and seek over the foamy waters, mingling their radiant colors with the brilliant silvery tinges of the spray at the foot of the Fall, is a most delightful one.

THE THREE PROFILES

are an irregular projection of that portion of the precipice which is formed by the west side of Luna Island, and are almost under the American Fall. They obtain their name from their remarkable likeness to three human faces.



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

THE CENTER FALL,

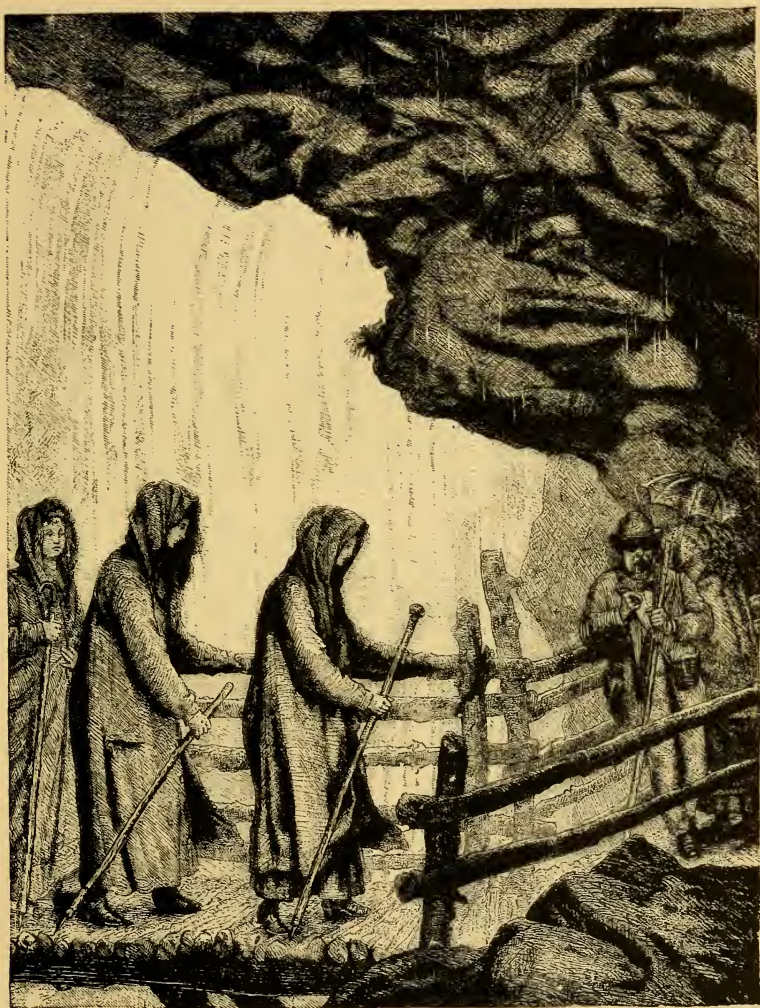
over which we pass on our way to and from Goat Island, although a mere ribbon of white water when seen from a short distance in contrast with the Great Falls, is by no means unworthy of notice. It is 100 feet wide, and a very graceful sheet of water. A few paces bring us to the entrance of

BIDDLE'S STAIRS,

erected in 1829, by Mr. Biddle, president of the United States bank. They are firmly secured to the cliff, quite safe, and 80 feet high. The total descent from the top of the bank to the bottom is 185 feet. From these stairs Sam Patch made his famous leap into the river, from a platform extending across the slopy cliff and came out unharmed. Descending the stairs we take the pathway to the right, and having previously donned a water-proof dress are prepared for a visit to

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS,

which lies behind the Center Fall. The Cave is 100 feet high by 100 deep and 160 long, and its existence is due to the action of the waters upon the shale, leaving the more solid limestone rock overhanging. A visitor, whose impressions appeared in Harper's Magazine years ago, gives a most graphic description: "Close by the entrance you look down into an abyss of cold gray mist, driven ever and anon like showers of hail into your face, as you grope your way down the rocky slope. Haste not, pause not. Here is the platform, half seen, half felt amid the blinding spray. Shade of Father Hennepin, this is truly a 'dismal roaring' of wind and water. We are across—and stand secure on the smooth shaly bottom of the cave. Look up! what a magnificent arch is formed by the solid rock on the one side, and the descending mass of water on the other. Which is the solider and firmer you hardly know. Yet look again—for it is sunset—and see what we shall see nowhere else on earth, three rainbows one within another, not half-formed and incomplete, as is the scheme of our daily life; but filling up the complete circle, perfect and absolute." By means of some bridges thrown over the rocks in front of the cave a magnificent view can be had of the Center Fall.



PILGRIMAGE UNDER THE FALL.

THE ROCK OF AGES

is the huge rock lying at the foot of the Falls in front of the Cave of the Winds.

From the foot of the staircase, the path to the left leads toward the Horse-Shoe Fall. Portions of the rock fall occasionally, and the road is but little used, and not kept in good condition; still, one is well repaid for an attempt to get a close sight of the Great Fall from below.

Returning to the bank above, and continuing the walk along the brink, the next interesting point of observation is

TERRAPIN BRIDGE,

leading to the edge of the Horse-Shoe Fall and the TERRAPIN ROCKS, where for forty years the well-known TERRAPIN TOWER, standing at the very verge of the Falls, constituted a land mark to be seen from all directions. The bridge, being so near the Fall as to be affected by the spray, requires that those who pass over it should avoid exposure. The water at this extremity of the Fall descends in light feathery foam, contrasting finely with the solid masses in which it seems to plunge down the center of the sweeping curve. The line of division between the government of the United States and that of Canada is in the deepest part of the channel, or through the angular part of the Fall. It passes through the lonely little GULL ISLAND in the center of the river, which has never been trodden by human foot.

Anthony Trollope, after a visit to this point, gives his impressions as follows: "The line of the ledge bends inwards against the flood,—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horse-shoe is immeasurable. It has been cut with no stinting hand. A monstrous cantle has been worn back out of the centre of the rock, so that the fury of the waters converges, and the spectator as he gazes into the hollow with wishful eyes fancies that he can hardly trace out the center of the abyss."

"Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have the power of eye-control which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery you will see nothing but



HORSE-SHOE FALL FROM GOAT ISLAND.

the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises; but is melodious, and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and as it were envelopes them, but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort. But at this place, and in these moments, the less of speaking, I should say, the better. There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art too, I fancy, it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery. The greatest charm of a mountain range is the wild feeling that there must be strange unknown desolate worlds in those far-off valleys beyond. And so here, at Niagara, that converging rush of waters may fall down, down at once into a hell of rivers for what the eye can see. It is glorious to watch them in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds; but with a fitful flying color, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horse-shoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not fully see from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of that caldron below, but the caldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down,—far as your own imagination can sink it. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you will be looking at is that of a horse-shoe, but of a horse-shoe miraculously deep from toe to heel;—and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime till the mind is at loss to find an epithet for its own use. To realize Niagara you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else, and think of nothing else. At length you will be as one with the tumbling river before you. You will find yourself among the waters as though you belonged to them. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the



VIEWS ON THREE SISTERS ISLANDS.

expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful, and pure. Then you will flow away in your course to the uncompassed, distant, and eternal ocean."

Following a road along the south side of the Island, affording an unsurpassed view of the Canadian Rapids, which run at the rate of 28 miles per hour, we come to the

THREE SISTERS ISLANDS,

connected with Goat Island and with one another by three beautiful bridges, and under each flounders a huge rapid. Their location in the midst of the Rapids afford many varied and desirable points to observe the scenery. From the head of the Third Sister a continuous cascade extending toward the Canada shore as far as the eye can reach, and from which the spray rises in beautiful clouds, presents a peculiar phenomenon usually termed the

LEAPING ROCK,

doubtlessly a misnomer. The water striking against the rock rises perpetually in an unbroken column, twenty or more feet high, producing a brilliant effect.

At the west end of the Third Sister island stands a clump of vine-tangled woods planted upon a mass of rocks separated by a swift-rushing, narrow current not yet bridged over, and called by some

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

Spanned by the First Sister Island Bridge, and a rare and attractive Fall is

THE HERMIT'S CASCADE,

a picturesque spot. It was one of the favorite resorts of the Hermit of the Falls, Francis Abbott, a young Englishman, who for years lived a solitary life at Niagara. His reason for leading this life was never known. He was drowned while bathing near the foot of the Inclined railway, in 1831. His body was recovered, and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Niagara Falls.

AT THE HEAD OF GOAT ISLAND,

a little further up the river, the view is quite expansive, commanding both banks of the stream, and the islands in the channel. Be-



THE SPRING ON GOAT ISLAND,

ginning at the right, the site of Fort Schlosser is seen about a mile away, marked by a small white building and a very large chimney. The town of Chippewa on the Canada shore, Grand Island, Navy Island, etc., are all visible from this point.

We leave with reluctance this most fascinating spot, of which Mrs. Sigourney wrote: "It is an unspeakable luxury here to sit in solitary meditation, at once lulled and solemnized by the near voice of the everlasting torrent. It seems the most fascinating of all the haunts in this vicinity; the one where we earliest linger and latest depart. We take leave of it, as a being of intelligence to whom we have given our heart. It has shielded us, when our senses were awe-stricken and overpowered, like the cliff where the prophet was hidden when that Majesty passed by which none can 'see and live.' " On our way back to the bridge a short stop at

THE SPRING,

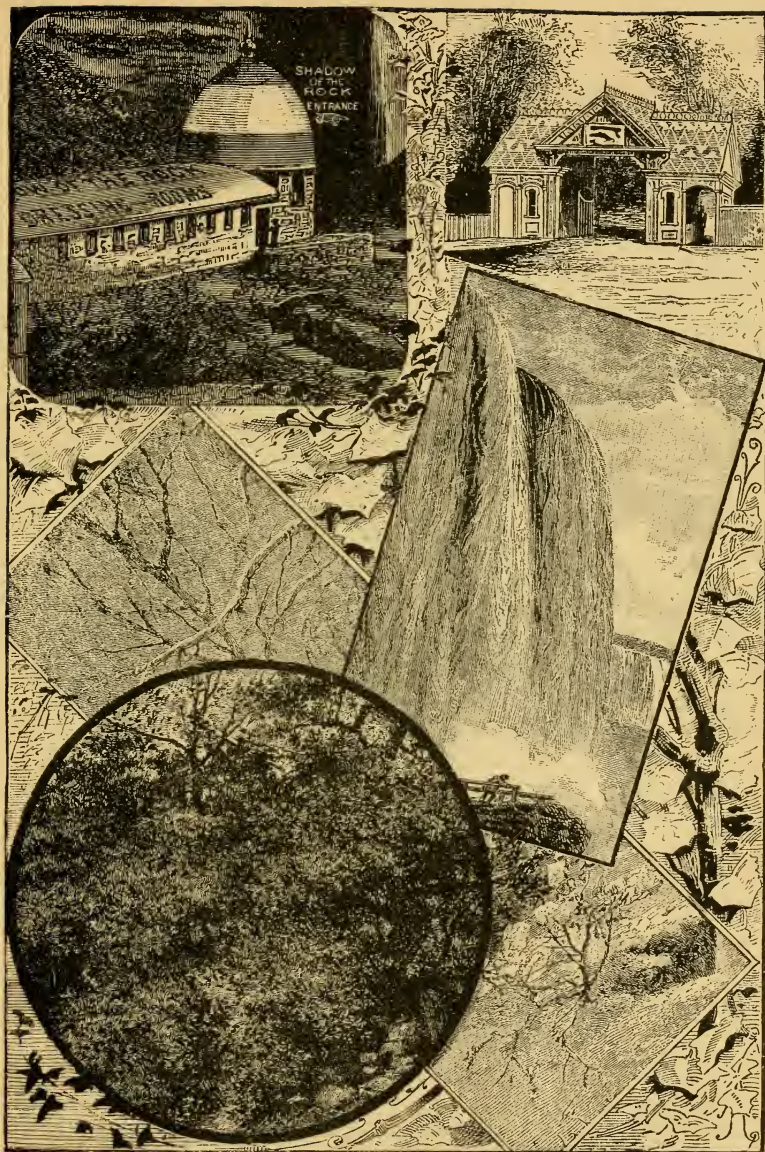
a delicious little nook at the foot of the bank, from which a magnificent view is had of the American Rapids from their very edge.

A writer who was at the Falls one hundred years ago, explains how the island was then visited. "To go down to this island it is necessary to set off at some distance above Chippewa, where the current is even, and to keep exactly in the middle of the river the whole way thither; if the boats were suffered to get off their course ever so little, either to the right or left, it would be impossible to stem the current, and bring them again into it; they would be irresistibly carried toward the Falls, and destruction must inevitably follow. In returning from the island there is still more difficulty and danger than in going to it."

We have recrossed the bridge, passed the gate, and at our left, in plain view, stands the entrance to

PROSPECT PARK,

a remnant of the natural forest. Cool, shady walks run in all directions, the air is full of the fragrance of wild blossoms, rustic seats at intervals furnish delightful resting places and convenient positions to gaze at the scenery. When the shades of night envelop the earth in darkness, electric lights pour their brilliant rays upon the scene, infusing the spray clouds with gorgeous rainbow tints and brilliantly illuminating the rolling waters. An Art Gallery,



PROSPECT PARK SCENES.

Concert Hall, Fountains, Bazaar, and other objective points of entertainment, are provided to engage the attention of visitors.

PROSPECT POINT

is on the very verge of the Fall, at the point where its mighty waters descend in one solemn unbroken mass into a gulf of spray rising in clouds from the tortured waves beneath, and driven about by the gusts, till sometimes the whole river and the opposite shores are momentarily concealed. As this misty curtain is withdrawn, the whole scene is disclosed. Immediately in front is the American Fall, its waters almost in reach of the outstretched hand, beyond this Luna Island and the wooded steps of Goat Island, while to the right stretches in wonderful magnificence the sublime curve of the Horse-shoe Fall; and up the stream the foaming rapids greet the vision.

Provision has been made for a rapid transit to the base of the precipice upon which we stand, and we take our seats upon the novel cars of

THE INCLINED RAILWAY.

A tunnel has been cut from the cliffs to the margin of the river, at an angle of about 30 degrees, and within it is built the railway, by the side of which is a flight of stairs, numbering 290 steps. The cars are raised and lowered by machinery, and are so arranged that one ascends while the other descends.

Landing into a tunnel-like shed and donning an oil-skin dress, we emerge onto the rocks into a storm of spray, and stand upon

THE HURRICANE BRIDGE,

from which may be seen a tremendous ghost of mist, forming heavy clouds fringed with all the brilliant colors of the rainbow. The scene is wild and overpowering. Looking up to the towering crest of the stupendous cataract, the immense mass of waters seems to pour down from the skies. We pass now to

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK,

the name given to a recess behind the Fall itself, which extends nearly to the center of the Fall, and is filled with the dashing spray perpetually rising from the caldron of waters. The roar of the cataract echoes and re-echoes within this chamber, the effect being heightened by the compression of the air.

IN PROSPECT PARK.



Returning to the dressing rooms, we cast off our mariner's suits and are ready for a trip to the Canada side, in

THE FERRY.

We commit ourselves to the little boat and are soon dancing on the agitated waters, gazing in profound silence at the Falls. This crossing affords most vivid impressions of the majesty and immensity of the Cataract. The brawny boatman handles his oars dextrously, and in a few minutes we are landed at the foot of a steep roadway on the Canadian side.

Much is said about "the road to Jordan;" this ferry road was not in existence at so early a date, but proves a hard one to travel nevertheless. However, the reward is at hand, and the goal reached. We are upon the bank.

GENERAL VIEW.

Here we have a view embracing the entire contour of the Cataract from the northern point of the American Fall to the Canadian shore at Table-Rock. Away southward "the cataract flashes and thunders and agonizes—an almighty miracle of grandeur for ever going on;—the sight is riveted on the yeasty writhe in the abysm, and the solemn pillars of crystal eternally falling, like the fragments of some palace-crowned star, descending through the interminable space. The white field of the iris forms over the brow of the cataract, exhibits its radiant bow, and sails away in a vanishing cloud of vapor upon the wind; the tortured and convulsed surface of the caldron below shoots out its frothy and seething circles in perpetual torment; the thunders are heaped upon each other, the earth trembles;—the rocks and woods around are tinged with the ever-changing rays of the rainbow; the spectator sees the whole sweep of the great cataract spread before him at once, in a fine panoramic view of both Falls. The river, whose general course has been east and west, makes a sharp turn to the right just at the point where the Fall now is. Its breadth is here contracted from three-fourths of a mile to less than one-fourth. The Horse-Shoe Fall only occupies the head of the chasm, while the American Cataract falls over its side; so that this Fall and part of the Horse-Shoe lie directly parallel with the Canada shore, and its whole extent can be taken in at a single glance. It is this



FERRYMAN'S LANDING—CANADA SIDE.

oneness of aspect which renders the prospect from this side so much the more impressive. It gives a strong, sharp outline which may afterward be filled up at leisure."

AMERICAN FALLS—FRONT VIEW.

A few steps further, and from a small platform on the ledge opposite the Brunswick house, there is a most interesting front view of the American and Center Falls. The Rapids above, the church spires of the American village showing through the trees, the islands in the river, the rocks at the foot of the Falls upon which the descending torrent breaks into spray, all contribute to the magnificence of the picture.

TABLE ROCK

exists only in name, and in the interest which attaches to its site. It was a truly magnificent crag, overhanging the fearful abyss, and it constituted one of the wonders of the place. The overhanging Table fell in 1850, and its remains stand in a huge mass of rock at the edge of the river below the bank. It extends along the bank to the very junction with the Horse-Shoe Fall, and the view from it is full of sublimity. "He who admires Nature in her stern and magnificent array, should stand upon the Table Rock," says Murray. "There '*Presentiorem Conspiciet Deum*,'—there the tremendous roar will stun his ear—the mingled masses of waters and of foam will bewilder his eye—his mind will be overwhelmed by contending feelings of elevation and depression—and, unless he be colder than the very rock on which he stands, the thoughts that press upon his brain will be high, pure, and enthusiastic, and his hot brow will welcome the cool, light spray that is ever falling around the holy spot."

HORSE-SHOE FALL.

Here we are again at the edge of the famous Cataract. The pencil nor the pen can do justice to the scene. The silent and still picture wants the motion and the sound of that stupendous rush of waters. An ever-rising column of spray, crowned with prismatic glory, spires upward from the foaming gulf below. This spectacle alone is worth a pilgrimage of several thousand miles to see. The depth of the water in the center is more than 20 feet, as proven by an experiment made with the unseaworthy vessel, "Michigan," sent over the Falls in 1827.



TABLE ROCK.

This Fall is 1900 feet across, with a drop of 158 feet, and fully fifteen hundred million cubic feet of water pass over the ledge every hour. The name "Horse-Shoe" is hardly true to the present shape, which is now more nearly rectangular. The horse-shoe curve has been marred by the falling of portions of the cliff at various times, until its original symmetry has nearly departed.

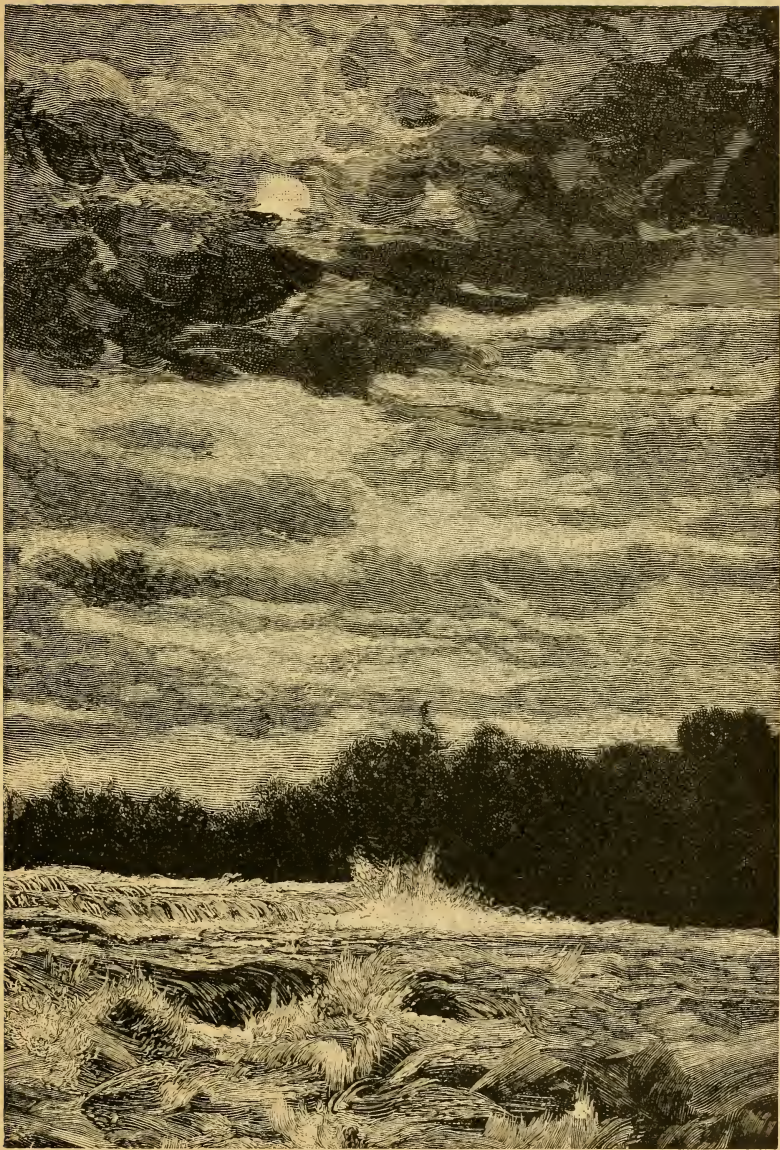
THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE,

firmly anchored to the rocky banks at the north end of Table-Rock, descends the perpendicular face of the cliff and leads under Table-Rock, and to the foot of the Horse-Shoe Fall. Dresses and guides must be obtained to pass

BELOW TABLE-ROCK AND UNDER THE FALL.

The view here is grand in an awful degree. An indescribable feeling of awe steals over us, and we are more than ever impressed with the tremendous magnificence of Niagara, as we gaze upwards at the frowning cliff that seems tottering to its fall, and pass under the thick curtain of water—so near that it seems as if we could touch it—and hear the hissing spray, and are stunned by the deafening roar that issues from the misty vortex at our feet. The precipice of the Horse-Shoe Fall rises perpendicularly to a height of 90 feet; at our feet the cliff descends about 70 feet into a turmoil of bursting foam; in front is the liquid curtain which, though ever passing onward, never unveils this wildest of Nature's caverns.

An English writer, Trollope, thus describes a visit to this spot: "The visitor stands on a broad safe path, between the rock over which the water rushes and the rushing water. He will go in so far that the spray rising back from the bed of the torrent does not incommode him. With this exception, the further he can go in the better; but circumstances will clearly show him the spot to which he should advance. Unless the water be driven in by a very strong wind, five yards make the difference between a comparatively dry coat and an absolute wet one. And then let him stand with his back to the entrance, thus hiding the last glimmer of the expiring day. So standing he will look up among the falling waters, or down into the deep misty pit, from which they reascend in almost as palpable a bulk. The rock will be at his right hand, high and hard, and dark and straight, like the wall of some huge cavern, such



CANADIAN RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS.

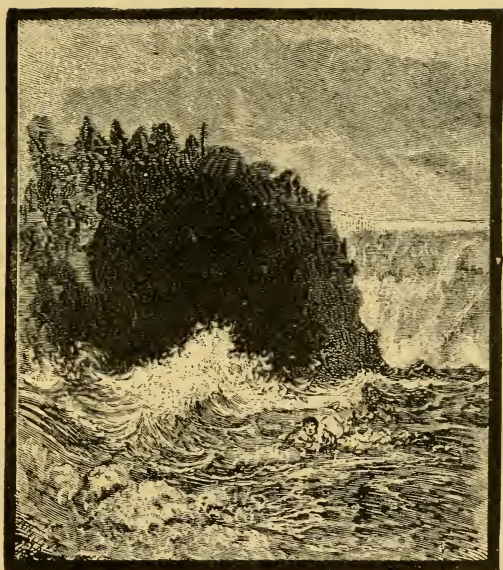
as children enter in their dreams. For the first five minutes he will be looking but at the waters of a cataract,—at the waters, indeed, of such a cataract as we know no other, and at their interior curves which elsewhere we can not see. But by-and-by all this will change. He will no longer be on a shingly path beneath a waterfall; but that feeling of a cavern wall will grow upon him, of a cavern deep, below roaring seas, in which the waves are there, though they do not enter in upon him; or rather not the waves, but the very bowels of the ocean. He will feel as though the floods surrounded him, coming and going with their wild sounds, and he will hardly recognize that though among them he is not in them. And they, as they fall with a continual roar, not hurting the ear, but musical withal, will seem to move as the vast ocean waters may perhaps move in their internal currents. He will lose the sense of one continued descent, and think that they are passing round him in their appointed courses. The broken spray that rises from the depth below, rises so strongly, so palpably, so rapidly, that the motion in every direction will seem equal. And, as he looks on, strange colors will show themselves through the mist; the shades of grey will become green or blue, with ever and anon a flash of white; and then, when some gust of wind blows in with greater violence, the sea-girt cavern will become all dark and black. Oh, my friend, let there be no one there to speak to thee then; no, not even a brother. As you stand there speak only to the waters."

Emerging from our expedition into the cavernous recess of the Great Fall, we now gaze from Table Rock at the

CANADIAN RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS,

full before us, sweeping down, multitudinous, apparently illimitable, the white foaming crests drawn sharply against the horizon, forming a grand and striking feature in the scenery of Niagara; they are produced by the compression of the river to the width of two miles and a half just below the termination of Grand and Navy Islands; and by its course for the distance of three-quarters of a mile over ledges of rugged rocks, making a descent of fifty-two feet on the American side, and fifty-seven on the Canada side.

Continuing the road, we cross to CEDAR ISLAND, and following the GRAND RAPIDS DRIVE, one of the pleasantest around Niagara,



WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

along the Canadian Rapids, we reach the CLARK HILL ISLANDS, five in number, connected to the main land at either end by the elegant suspension bridges, "Castor" and "Pollux." The scenery through the islands is of the most varied character, in strong contrast to the turbulence of the waters. CYNTHIA ISLAND stands to our left, and immediately opposite, across a wild branch of the river, the cottage erected over the renowned

BURNING SPRING,

where, through a fissure in the rock, an inflammable sulphurous gas comes up. On the application of a lighted candle, it takes fire, and plays about with a lambent, flickering flame, which seldom touches the water, the gas being at first too pure to be inflammable, and only obtaining sufficient oxygen after mingling with the atmosphere. For the purpose of experiments, witnessed by the visitors, the gas is collected in a cylinder, allowed to pass out of the top of it through an inch pipe. After certain experiments are made, showing the tremendous force of the gas, the cylinder is removed, and the gas ignited on the surface of the water, through which it escapes.

From the bluff above the Burning Spring, a magnificent view is had of the Rapids and the River, and also of

NAVY ISLAND,

over three hundred acres in area. The island is a British possession, and in 1837 was made the rendezvous of the Canadian Patriots in open rebellion against the authorities of the Dominion.

Retracing our steps, we notice, passing through the village,

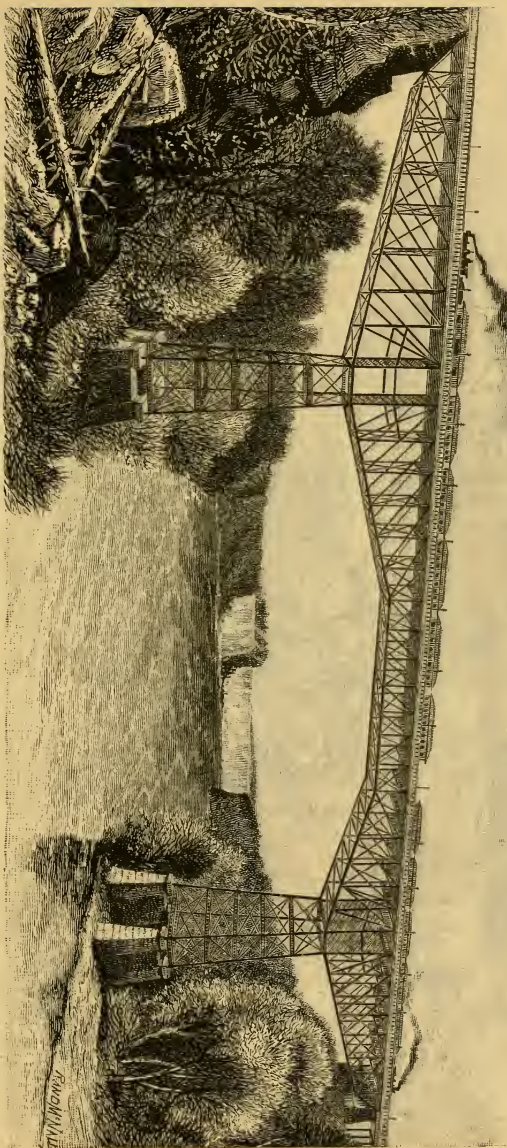
THE MUSEUM BUILDING,

which contains a collection of natural and artificial curiosities gathered from the various corners of the earth, and tastefully arranged for display.

Our objective point now is the American side, and in three or four minutes we arrive at the entrance of

THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

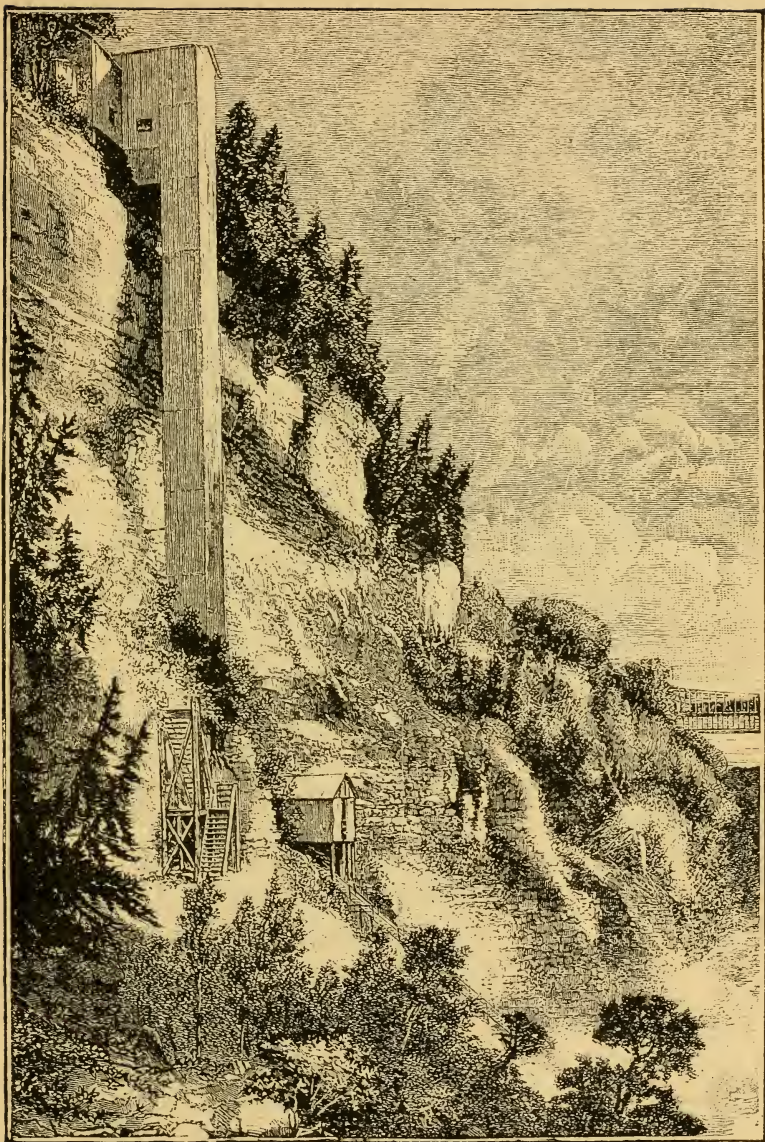
This graceful structure was completed in 1869, and is located some 300 yards below the American Falls. It is 1268 feet in length, and calculated only for a carriage way and foot walk. The height of the bridge above the river is 190 feet and the towers at each end



NEW CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

are over 100 feet high. These are provided with suitable stairways and elevators to reach the top, from which fine views of the scenery can be had. The bridge is undisturbed by ordinary winds; but winds that are but gentle breezes on the land, strike the bridge with the force of a brisk gale, and a gale on land becomes a storm on the water. The winds press through the gorge as through a funnel. Even in the calm weather, puffs of wind come up from the Falls, surcharged with spray, and then there may be seen, in sunshine, the new phenomenon of a rainbow, both over and under the platform, describing a complete circle round about the bridge.

W. D. Howells describes, in his account of a certain wedding journey to Niagara Falls, the superb view from this bridge. "The last hues of sunset lingered in the mists that sprung from the base of the Falls with a mournful, tremulous grace, and a movement weird as the play of the Northern Lights. They were touched with the most delicate purples and crimsons, that darkened to deep red, and then faded from them at a second look, and they flew upward, swiftly upward, like troops of pale, transparent ghosts; while a perfectly clear radiance, better than any other for local color, dwelt upon the scene. Far under the bridge the river smoothly ran, the undercurrents forever unfolding themselves upon the surface with a vast roselike evolution, edged all round with faint lines of white, where the air that filled the water freed itself in foam. What had been clear green on the face of the cataract was here more like rich verd antique, and had a look of firmness almost like that of the stone itself. So it showed beneath the bridge, and down the river till the curving shores hid it. These, springing abruptly from the water's brink, and shagged with pine and cedar, displayed the tender verdure of grass and bushes intermingled with the dark evergreens that climb from ledge to ledge, till they point their speary tops above the crest of the bluffs. In front, where tumbled rocks and expanses of naked clay varied the gloomier and gayer green, sprung those spectral mists; and through them loomed out, in its manifold majesty, Niagara, with the seemingly immovable, white Gothic screen of the American Fall, and the green massive curve of the Horse-Shoe, solid and simple and calm as an Egyptian wall; while behind this, with their white and black expanses broken by



ELEVATOR AT WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

dark-foliaged little isles, the steep Canadian rapids billowed down between their heavily wooded shores."

On the American shore, to the north of the bridge,

THE BRIDAL VEIL FALL,

a rushing strip of white foam and mist, runs down the rocky bank. It is a part of the waters whose power has been dedicated to industrial pursuits, a canal from the head of the rapids furnishing the power for numerous mills and factories, and emptying into the river at this point.

We have now seen all the points immediately around these wonderful Falls, but the Niagara river has still many surprises in reserve for us.

Directing our course northwards, catching on our way some delightful glimpses of the river and Falls, we pass through the village of Suspension Bridge, where concentrate several of the great rail highways between the east and the west. First looms up to view

THE NEW CANTILEVER BRIDGE

recently opened, a positively elegant structure, of new model, the first of any magnitude constructed upon the Cantilever principle. It was erected by the Central Bridge Works of Buffalo, N. Y., in less than seven months from the award of the contract, for the Michigan Central Railroad Company. It is a monument to the progress and advancement of this age, creditable alike to its projectors and builders.

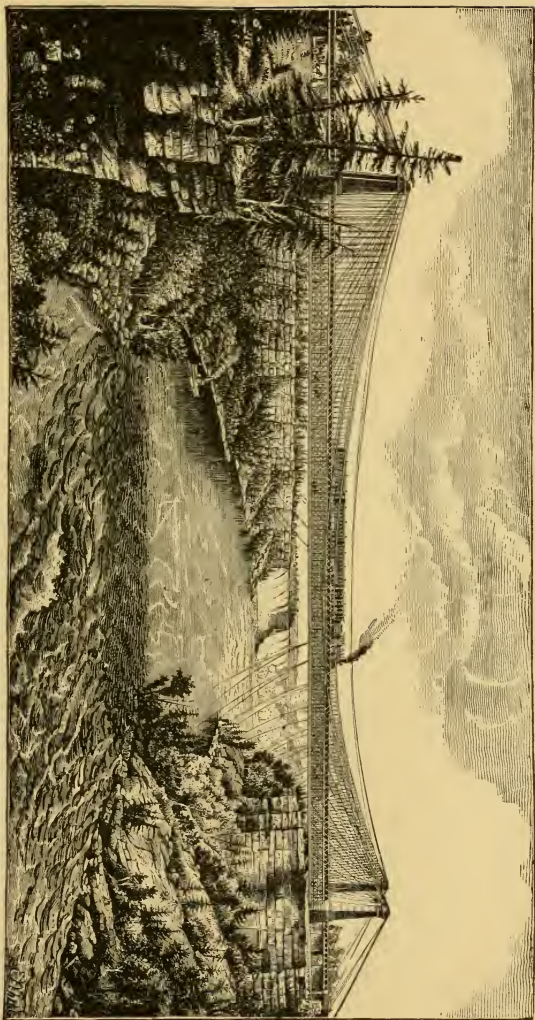
Below this stands another remarkable structure,

THE OLD SUSPENSION BRIDGE,

two miles below the Falls. This was built in 1855 by John A. Roebling, and is both a railroad and carriage bridge. It is a marvel of engineering, some 8,000 miles of wire being employed in the cables.

The following are the dimensions :

Length of span,	822 feet.
Height of tower above rock, American side,	88 "
" " " " Canada side,	78 "
" " " floor of railway	60 "
Number of wire cables,	4
Diameter of each cable,	10 1/2 in.
Number of No. 9 wires in each cable,	3,639
Ultimate aggregate strength of cables,	12,400 tons.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The first string was carried across the chasm by means of a kite, and then heavier ropes were dragged across, till the cables themselves thus performed the passage.

WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

The narrowing of the channel in the vicinity of the bridge greatly accelerates the current, and the tremendous force with which it rushes through the gorge throws the water into violent commotion. On the American side a double elevator, and on the Canada side an inclined railway have been provided to descend to the water's edge and take a near view of the wild scene.

Descending by the elevator, on the American side, we easily reach the river's edge, and the mass of foaming angry waters, seething billows, wild, startling and fearful in their power, give us a realization of the terrific force of Niagara.

To the Whirlpool Rapids Park, on the Canada side, our steps are now directed. We cross over the Suspension Bridge and after descending by means of what might be properly termed a "gravitation railway," we are in a most delightful, cool and shady retreat, the swift-rolling waters surging at our feet. "There are the rapids of Niagara river," lately wrote M. M. Pomeroy, the undaunted *Brick*, "we can see up stream for some distance, but for the bend cannot see the falls nor hear them roar. Down through this narrow ravine rushes the green, cold water at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The river is probably deeper than it is wide at this point—a restless torrent set up edgewise! The center of the stream is many feet higher than are its ragged sides or edges. The channel is obstructed with the huge fragments of rocks that have fallen from the sides of the gorge or ravine, 200 feet above. Great billows rise like giants and throw themselves higher still as spray, as a current halting at some great obstruction at the bottom of the river is struck by the rushing volume and imperiously and irresistibly ordered to move on. Now the billows lull and we can see a picnic party on the opposite shore at the foot of a perpendicular enclosed elevator. In a second a billow rises from ten to forty feet high, curls, carves, writhes, struggles and flies to pieces as though annihilated. In an instant it is reformed and with a roar, a shout, a curse, a protest, leaps high in air, falls and rises again like some grand wounded

CAPTAIN WEBB IN THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.



hero who will not die though stabbed to pieces. The waters dash fierce and fast upon the rock-ribbed, corrugated shore. The sun beats down from overhead as if enjoying and applauding the struggles of the river. Grasses, vines, flowers and small trees are struggling to gain a deeper foothold and to live, as they hold fast to look down and to watch the irrepressible conflict."

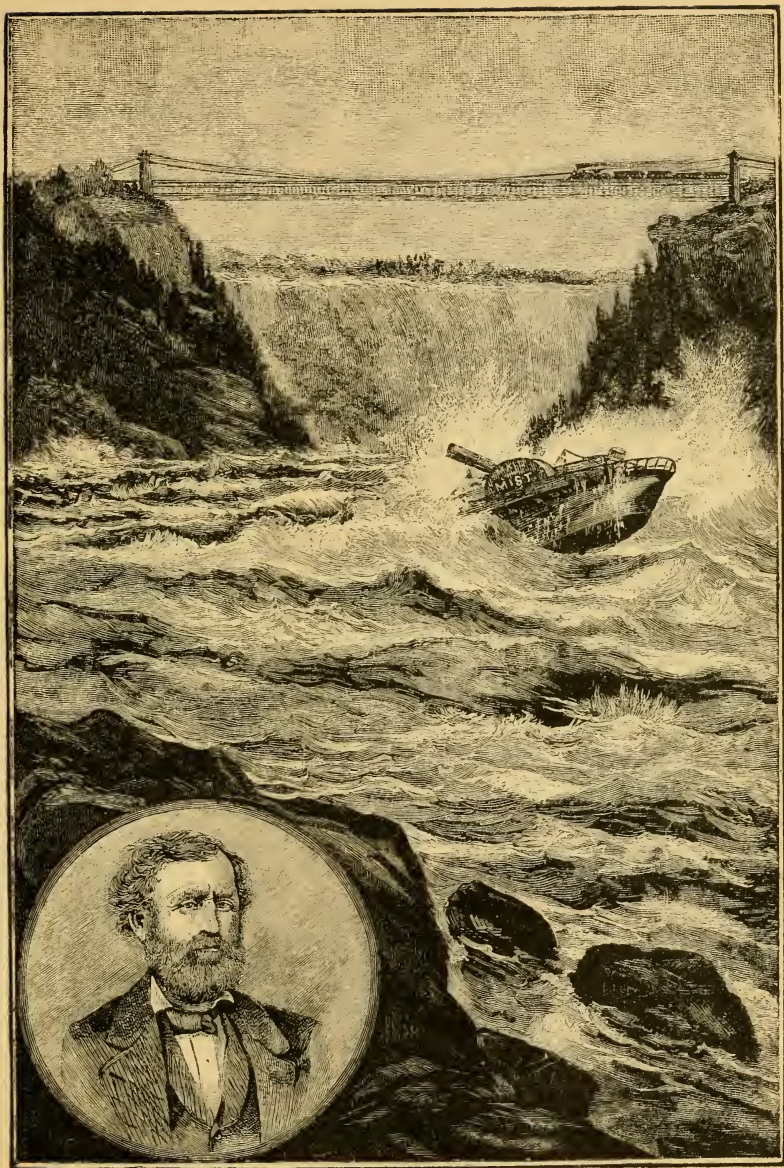
CAPTAIN WEBB.

"It was through this gorge, these rapids, that a foolish man lately lost his life in an attempt to swim, or to be floated, or whirled down them alive. He was rowed out to the center of the stream above the Suspension Bridge, left his hat and clothes in the boat, shook hands with the boatman who ferried us over in his yawl, and set his face to his death. Like a feather on the water he swam down where the eddying foam halts as if afraid of the rapids—like a toy in a blast he is caught up, lifted, whirled, and flung lifeless by one compressed wave against another, and in a moment his lifeless remains are dandled aloft on the finger tips of the giant Niagara, then cast out of the mouth of the rapids to float onto, and into, and out of, and beyond the whirlpool, and then quietly along on the bosom of the green, mighty river, his brave upturned face telling no story other than one of foolish bravery. Fearless, foolish Captain Webb."

This mad attempt of Captain Matthew Webb took place on the 24th day of July, 1883. The body was recovered during the afternoon of July 28th, in the river, below Lewiston, and finally given a final resting place in the strangers' plot, at Oakwoods Cemetery, where his grave lies side by side with that of the Hermit of the Falls.

NAVIGATION OF THE RAPIDS.

But take notice of those rapids and ask yourself what chance of life would remain to any ship, craft, or boat required to navigate this torrent. The feat, however, has been accomplished. A small steamer, called the "Maid of the Mist," was built upon the river, between the Falls and the Rapids, and was used for taking frequent daily trips amidst the spray in the basin below the cataract. As she was confined to one side of the river for taking passengers, the traffic became unprofitable, and the owner concluded to sell her.



THE MAID OF THE MIST AND HER PILOT.

He could get a fair offer if the boat was delivered in the waters of Lake Ontario. Captain Joel R. Robinson, who had been her pilot, concluded to run the rapids and take the boat through this hell and fury of waters. Accordingly, in the afternoon of the 8th day of September, 1861, with only the engineer in the hold and a friend with him at the wheel, he undertook that wondrous voyage.

The boat darted like an arrow into the first rapid. She made one long leap down as she passed under old Suspension Bridge, her funnel was at once knocked flat on the deck, she careened over, the waters covered her from stem to stern, but she rose again, and skimmed into the whirlpool. With sure hand and eye undimmed, Robinson gave a powerful pull at the wheel, shot free of the sucking eddies of the dreaded whirlpool, took the sharp turn round into the river below, and in an instant steamed into the quiet waters at Lewiston. The feat was done. The Maid was sold, and carried from thence to the St. Lawrence river.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

A half mile below the Rapids, the Whirlpool is found. Here the river makes an acute angle in its course, turning to the right, and boils within a narrower compass than in any other spot. The current of the river runs with such fierce velocity that it rises up in the middle ten to twenty feet above the sides. The rocks around are abrupt. On the surface of this whirling vortex are often seen the ruins of forest floating around, marking out to the eye the outline of that fatal circle. The bodies of people who have been lost over the Falls float sometimes round and round this dismal hole for days together, carried on the surface by the whirling eddies back to the main stream, or sucked down, to emerge again in a few minutes, and continue their ghastly journey.

HERE the long valley crooks, and the flight of the river is broken;
Headlong it plunges, despairing, and beats on the bars of its prison;
Beats, and runs wildly from wall to wall, then strives to recover,
Beats on another still, and around the circle is carried.
Jostled from shoulder to shoulder, till losing its galloping motion,
Dizzily round it swirls, and is dragged toward the hideous Whirlpool.

Round sweeps the horrible maelstrom, and into the whirl of its vortex
Circle a broken boat, an oar-blade, things without number;
Striving, they shove one another, and seem to hurry, impatient
To measure the shadowy will-be, and seek from their torment a respite.



THE WHIRLPOOL.

Logs that have leapt the Falls and swum unseen 'neath the current,
Here are restored again, and weird is their resurrection;
Here like straws they are snapt, and grinding like millstones together,
Chafing and splintering their mates, they wade in their deepening ruins;

Till, without hope, on tiptoe they rise, lips shriveled and speechless,
Seeing sure fate before them that tightens its toils to ensnare them;
Hollow the hell-hole gapes, and ravenously it receives them;

All that is left is a sigh, and the echoes of that are soon strangled.

—*Geo. Houghton's Niagara.*

THE MANITOU, OR PINNACLE ROCK,

is supposed to be a portion of the cliff, at the base of which it lies, thrown down in former times. It is situated about fifty rods above the whirlpool, at the edge of the river, its shape being that of an inverted cone, with its apex resting upon the summit of another large rock, reaching to the height of nearly one hundred feet from the water's edge.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.

On Queenston Heights, four miles below the Whirlpool, on the Canada side, stands the Monument erected to the memory of the British General, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the sanguinary action fought on the spot on the 15th of October, 1812. The view from this monument is most gorgeous. The eye wanders with untiring delight over a rich scene of woodland and water, through the branches of the trees. You can see the tops of the houses of Queenston, and before you unrolls a magnificent panorama. The Niagara river winding, like a ribbon spread upon the earth subjected to the caprices of the wind, and finally mingling its waters with that of Lake Ontario; the blue hills of Toronto in the far distance; the vast expanse of the lake, and the picturesque shores on both sides, form the salient points of the picture.

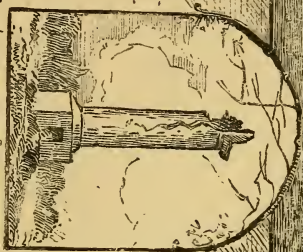
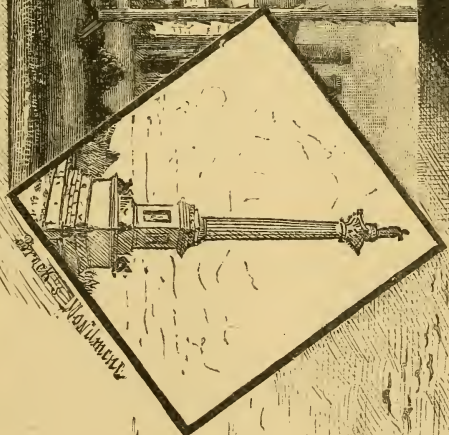
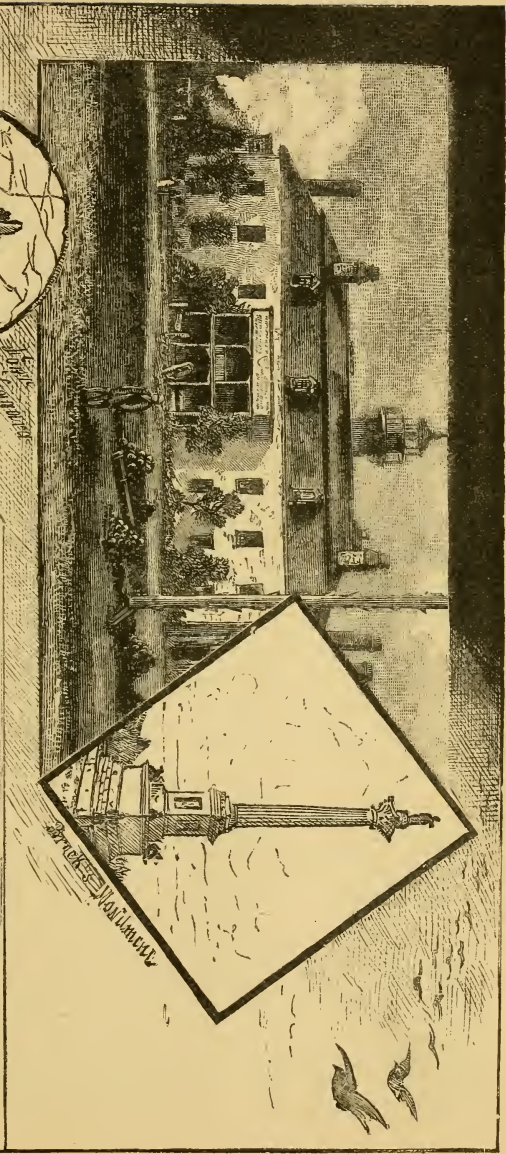
THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN,

on the American side, opposite Queenston Heights, also affords from its elevated position a magnificent view of Lake Ontario and the river Niagara.

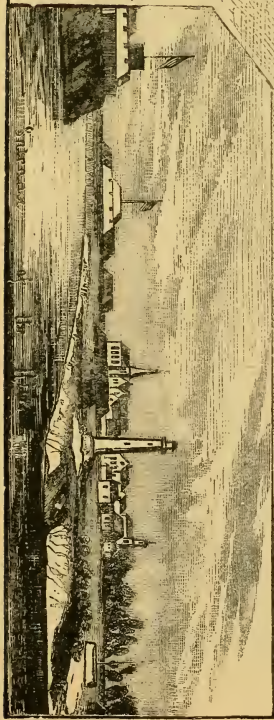
Just below Queenston Heights is the village of

QUEENSTON, ONTARIO,

a small picturesque town, worthy of notice chiefly on account of the memorable battle that took place on the neighboring heights.



Ruins of old Monument.



LEWISTON, N. Y.,

opposite Queenston, is a beautifully situated town, about seven miles from the Falls. It is a place of some importance, and stands at the head of the navigation on the river; it contains several fine hotels and public buildings. The first Suspension Bridge across Niagara river, now a dangling ruin, was erected at this point.

Seven miles further

NIAGARA TOWN

stands on the Canada shore, opposite Youngstown, on the site of Newark, which was burnt in 1813 by General McClure. A short distance above the town are the remains of FORT GEORGE, which was taken by the Americans in 1812, afterward destroyed by the British and left in ruins. It is an agreeable summer resort, facilities being provided for comfort, sport, games and outdoor enjoyment.

FORT NIAGARA

stands at the mouth of the Niagara River on the American side. There are many interesting associations connected with this spot. During the earlier part of the past century it was the scene of many severe conflicts between the whites and the Indians, and subsequently between the English and the French. In 1812, 1813, and 1814 it was one of the pivotal points of the British-American frontier war. It was established as a trading post by La Salle in 1678. The village adjacent to the Fort is called YOUNGSTOWN, in honor of its founder, the late John Young, Esq.

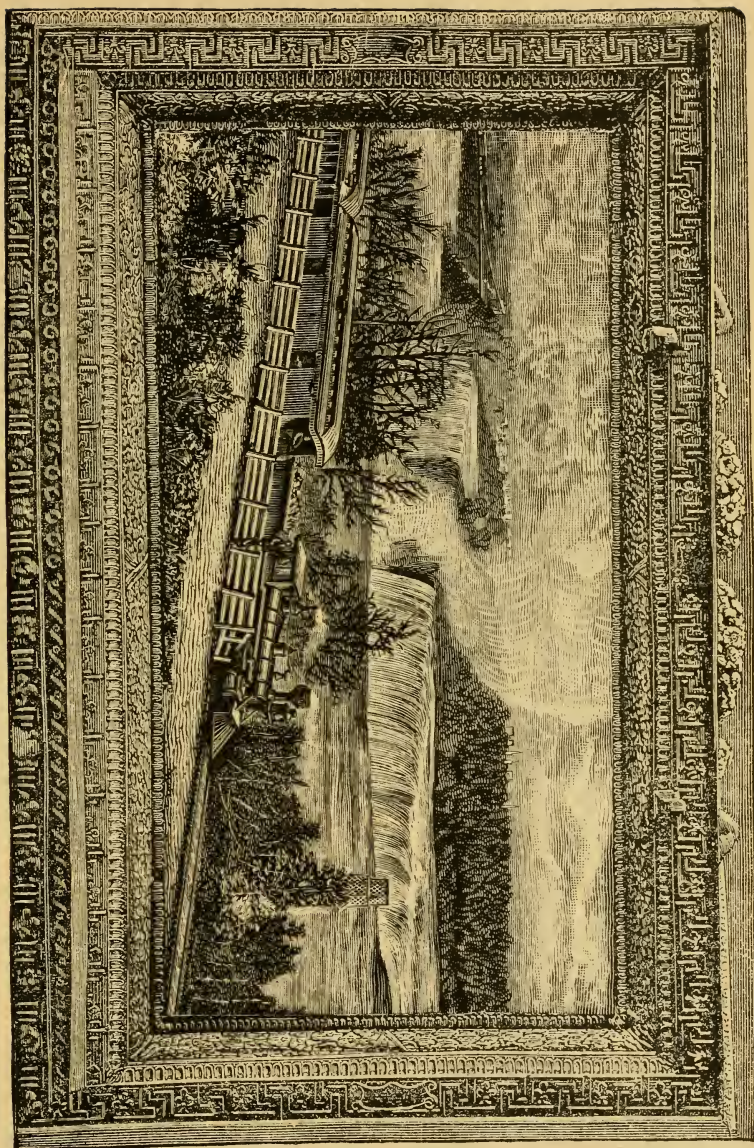
FORT MISSASAUGA,

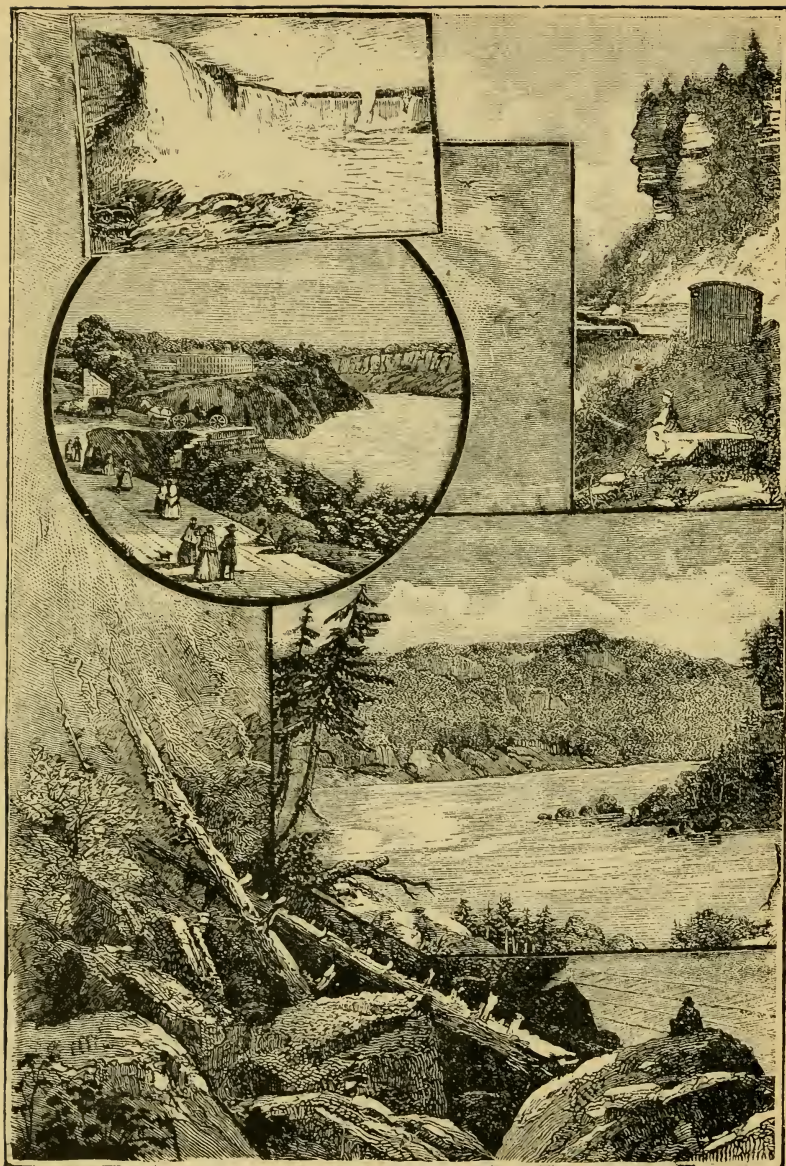
also at the mouth of the river, opposite Fort Niagara, is a little below the town of Niagara, and is used as a summer camp, garrisoned by British soldiers.

THE DEVIL'S HOLE,

on the American side, three miles below the Falls, is a large chasm in the bank of the river, which receives the water from a small stream known as Bloody Run; it was the scene of the murder of the English, 600 in number, by the French and Indians in 1793, when only three of the number escaped to tell the tale.

VIEW FROM ABOVE—CANADA SIDE.





RIVER BANKS FROM TABLE ROCK TO QUEENSTON.

LUNDY'S LANE BATTLE GROUND,

located one and one-half miles west of the Falls, was the scene of a sanguinary action between the British and American forces, on July 25th, 1814, the loss on both sides in killed and wounded being 1,800.

DRUMMONDVILLE,

in the immediate vicinity, is named after General Drummond, then commander of the British forces.

ABOVE THE FALLS.

On the way to or from Lundy's Lane we have passed within a short distance of a large building, devoted to educational purposes, and generally known as **THE CONVENT**. This institution is located at a point on the bluff, where the river makes a sharp, big inshore, and from the edge of the bank can be had one of the most striking views of the cataract. "Niagara should be first approached from above," is a sentiment echoed and re-echoed by the writers of past generations; and the one comprehensive view, the grouping of Rapids and Islands and Falls and Gorge as seen from the Convent, presents a picture of surpassing beauty. The vast concave of the Falls of Niagara opens upon your view. The American Fall forms the farther extremity of the semicircle, breaking in a broad white sheet of foam upon a heap of rocks below. Close by its inner extremity is a gush of water—the Centre Fall—a fragment of the larger cataract separated by a small rocky island in the bed of the river. The eye then rests upon the precipitous end of Goat Island. Then the curve of the Horse-Shoe Fall rounds into prospect with full view of the Islands and the angry Canadian Rapids. From the centre of the curve, a pillar of spray floats calmly up.

CHIPPEWA BATTLE GROUND.

Upon this field, located near the village on the Canadian bank of the Niagara, three miles above the Falls, was fought the first of that series of actions which decided the campaign of 1814 in favor of the American arms. The battle took place on July 5th, 1814. The British made the attack and retreated after the action.

THE TUSCARORA INDIAN RESERVATION

is 9 miles northeast from the Falls. It is strictly an Indian village upon which Tuscaroras are located, and well worth a visit.



OUTLET OF NIAGARA RIVER.

DISTANCES.

FROM PRINCIPAL HOTELS.

	CANADA SIDE.	AM. SIDE.
Around Goat Island, - - - - -	2 miles.	1½ miles.
“ Prospect Park, - - - - -	1 “	½ “
To New Suspension Bridge, - - - - -	18 “	¼ “
“ Railway “ “ - - - - -	2 “	2 “
“ Cantilever Bridge, - - - - -	1¾ “	1¾ “
“ Whirlpool Rapids, - - - - -	2¼ “	2½ “
“ Whirlpool, - - - - -	2¾ “	3 “
“ Devil's Hole, - - - - -	4 “	3½ “
“ Top of Mountain, - - - - -	7 “	6½ “
“ Indian Village (Council House), - - - - -	8½ “	8 “
“ Table Rock, - - - - -	18 “	— “
“ “ “ via New Suspension Bridge, or Ferry, - - - - -	— “	11¼ “
“ “ “ Railway Suspension Bridge, - - - - -	— “	4¾ “
“ Burning Spring, - - - - -	1½ “	— “
“ “ “ via New Suspension Bridge, - - - - -	— “	2½ “
“ “ “ Railway Suspension Bridge, - - - - -	— “	6 “
“ Lundy's Lane Battle Ground, - - - - -	1½ “	2 “
To Brock's Monument, Queenston Heights, - - - - -	7 “	7 miles.

ADMISSION FEES AND TOLLS.

To Goat Island for the day, - - - - -	\$0 50
“ “ “ “ season, - - - - -	1 00
“ Prospect Park for the day, - - - - -	0 25
“ “ “ “ season, - - - - -	0 75
“ Cave of the Winds (with guide and dress), - - - - -	1 00
“ Shadow of the Rock (with guide and dress), - - - - -	1 00
“ Art Gallery (Prospect Park), - - - - -	0 25
“ Inclined Railway (Prospect Park), - - - - -	0 25
“ Ferry to Canada and Prospect Park, - - - - -	0 50
“ Electric Light (Prospect Park) extra, on day or season tickets, - - - - -	0 15
“ Behind Horse-Shoe Fall with guide and dress. Canada side, - - - - -	1 00
“ Museum, - - - - -	0 50
“ Burning Spring and Islands, - - - - -	0 50
“ Lundy's Lane Battle Ground, - - - - -	0 50
“ Whirlpool Rapids (either side), - - - - -	0 50
“ Whirlpool (either side), - - - - -	0 50
“ Crossing New Suspension Bridge (each way), - - - - -	0 25
“ “ “ “ “ extra for two-horse carriage, - - - - -	0 50
“ Crossing Railway Suspension Bridge (over and return), - - - - -	0 25
“ “ “ “ “ extra for two-horse carriage, - - - - -	0 50
To Toll on River Bank Highway, Canada side, for carriages only, - - - - -	0 10

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RATES OF FARE

ALLOWED BY LAW IN THE VILLAGE OF NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

For the use and hire of carriages where no express contract is made therefor:

For carrying one passenger and ordinary baggage from one place to another in this Village,	\$0 50
Each additional passenger and ordinary baggage,	0 25
For carrying one passenger and ordinary baggage from any point in this village to any point in the village of Suspension Bridge,	1 00
Each additional passenger and ordinary baggage,	0 50
Each additional piece of baggage other than ordinary baggage,	0 12
Children under three years of age, free.	
Over three years and under fourteen years of age, half price.	
Ordinary baggage is defined to be one trunk and one bag, hat or hand box, or other small parcel.	
For carrying one or more passengers, in the same carriage, from any point in this village to any point within five miles of the limits of the village, at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents for each hour occupied, except that in every instance where such carriage shall be drawn by a single horse, the fare therefor shall be at the rate of one dollar for each hour occupied.	

As a parting injunction to the visitors of the future, the pilgrim would advise them, *invariably*, to make distinct agreements with the hackmen or any other person whose services they may require at Niagara Falls, as to the service expected and the amount to be paid in return. Exact the terms of your contract, but do not go beyond without first having a thorough understanding as to the cost.





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